

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XI. - No. 286.

[REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 28th, 1902.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½D.]



MARTIN JACOBETTE

LADY VIOLET FINCH.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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RECESSIONAL.

CURIOSLY enough the greater part of the lines which follow were written before the sad news of Tuesday, aye and printed too, for in the days of joy which all believed to be coming, it was not meet that even printers should work. But they were written in a somewhat solemn vein, induced perhaps by natural reaction from festivities which had begun already in an acute form. Every man and woman in England was prepared to join with a will in the national rejoicing. Yet, as was observed long ago, we are not really a gay, but a serious nation. Only at very long intervals does the racial energy find vent in festivity. Our best work has ever been done in a grave and almost sombre mood. In his heart of hearts the typical Englishman is always glad to return to the normal. We have now had nearly three years of ceaseless excitement. There was the war, with its casualty lists, its varying fortunes, its burden of anxiety lying heavy on many a family; there was the wild sense of relief brought by victory and success, and finally by peace. Running through these various moods was a strain of mourning and regret. The greatest of English Queens saw the beginning of the war and rewarded some of its early heroes with her gracious notice and approval, but it was not destined that her eye should behold the end. No doubt a succession of stirring and moving events is at bottom good for a nation, since lethargy is the most fatal calamity of Empires. To keep awake and alive, to have the tide of life running full, is as good for the community as it is for the individual. In one way it is the same with the country as with an individual, who is most likely to give birth to new plans and ideas when "screwed up to concert pitch" and putting his whole might into some congenial task. Mind and body are both

at their best then, and the eye sees what at other times it is blind to. So new aspirations and a wider sense of duty often come to a nation in a time of stress and excitement. And as Goethe once said in conversation and Matthew Arnold in rhyme, "Tasks in hours of insight willed, May be in hours of gloom fulfilled." We quote from memory, but the sense at least is correct.

The tasks willed during the last three years are stupendous enough to engage the energies of two generations. History will commemorate that this war brought home to us as nothing else had done before a sense of Empire. It sprang up at home when it was fully recognised for what purpose our legions were facing death and exposure, for the real issue emerged like some big crag when the mist clears. Was South Africa to be Dutch or British? Because the answer was in favour of the latter the stubborn electorate pardoned the early blundering of Ministers, turned a deaf ear to the charming of those who ever in the hour of trial see what can be said from the enemy's point of view, and even after humiliation and defeat only grew more resolved to end by conquering. There is no other constitutional country in the world that could have come through the ordeal without crises in the Cabinet, changes of Ministry, and other evidences of instability. Yet in the very thick of it those responsible for the war challenged a popular verdict upon their proceedings, and were triumphantly sent back to their portfolios. Nor was this merely a result of party organisation. The most enlightened members of the Opposition, Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, fully recognised the will of the nation, and substantially endorsed it. But yet war is only a preliminary. It is not in our day engaged in for lust of blood and conquest, and no sane man desired that the Boer farmer should be deprived of one iota of the civil and religious liberty he had been wont to enjoy. Putting aside the small and petty issues, the main fact is that a tiny nation, having forcibly laid hold of a fertile portion of the earth's surface, desired to manage it according to perfectly mediæval ideas, and not only so, but to establish themselves as paramount in South Africa. Already the survivors recognise that they were wrong. They have every chance of enjoying more comfort, freedom, and prosperity under English rule than could have come to them under the Presidency of men like Mr. Kruger. The late Mr. Rhodes was a typical modern Imperialist, and he wished to extend the dominion of the British flag because he was fully aware of the advantages that Anglo-Saxon dominion carries with it.

Kindled at home, the sense of Empire met with a hearty response in the Colonies, and the sentiment was strengthened by the timely and wisely-planned tour of the Heir Apparent to the Throne. But how much statesmanship is required to knit all these wide dominions more closely, and so to organise our world-wide Empire that its forces will ever be available! That is work for the politicians of to-day and to-morrow. Closely connected with our Imperial duties is another, which Lord Rosebery has summed up in the word efficiency. At the beginning of the war it was fully demonstrated that our military forces were not fit for their duties. The men, though of the old and excellent material, had not been drilled and trained in the right way, and apparently those who led them had got into their positions either by favouritism or a mechanical system of promotion. No doubt the future historian will glide lightly over this. He will point out that it is an inevitable result of long peace. No army in the world can be kept up to a high state of efficiency by mere theory and autumn manoeuvres. But the philosophy that in the closet finds an explanation of all things would be out of place in the field. It will be the business of years to eliminate from our national defences the weak spots disclosed by the war. Nor is that all. The nation as a whole is not so efficient as it should be. The supremacy which we have so long enjoyed in commerce has bred a kind of haughty carelessness that contains the beginning of dry rot. Our old advantages have nearly all fled. Other nations are as well equipped as we are with the machinery and other means of manufacture. Competition therefore is many times keener than it used to be, and in a world that constitutes a fair field and no favour it devolves upon us to strain every sinew. Practically it may be said that the first task is to overhaul our system of education, which has been allowed to fall behind the times. The master stands as much in need of instruction as the man. Nor do these exhaust the list of great tasks that lie before the English people, things which must be done, be the King ill or well, be the Coronation postponed for a short time or for long.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

OUR frontispiece for this week is a portrait of Lady Violet Ella Finch, eldest daughter of the Earl of Aylesford. On another page will be found a picture of Florence Lady Dashwood and her son William Selby-Lowndes. Her first husband was Sir Edwin Abercromby Dashwood, and in 1894 she married William Selby-Lowndes, Esq., of Selby House, Bucks.



UNIVERSAL sorrow, consternation, and sympathy were the immediate results of the sad news which flashed through the country and the world on Tuesday. It was that the King's illness was so serious that a grave operation had been necessary, and that the Coronation and the attendant festivities in London had to be postponed *sine die*. In the country, by the express wish of the King, whose kindly forethought at a moment of pain and danger will be remembered for many a long day, it was desired that the arranged festivities should go on just the same, and although there will be, or will have been, no heart in them, the chances are that they will have been carried on. Feasts, which mean comparatively little in London, have a substantial value in the country districts, where mere food is by no means as plentiful as might be desired and a full meal is a real delight. But the feasts can hardly have been hearty.

It was indeed a dire catastrophe, a cause of vast if not precisely calculable loss to hundreds of speculators (for whom nobody has much sympathy) and to many of the hospitals in London, towards which the King has always shown the warmest sympathy, for which he has done a vast amount of hard work. But deep personal sorrow, anxiety, and sympathy for the King and all the Royal Family overwhelmed all other feelings. Society was paralysed and dumfounded, and if anything could have done good to the King it would have been to see the consternation in all the Clubs, and in every private household, and the manner in which the crowds melted away in the streets—silently, yet very conspicuously. Never was the cup of joy dashed more suddenly to the ground. At the moment of writing we can do no more than pay our part of the common tribute of sorrow, and venture to express the hope that the gloomy forebodings which are almost universal may be falsified.

It remains only to make a general apology to our readers, and to crave an indulgence which will no doubt be granted without a moment's hesitation. Through almost the whole of this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is to be traced a tone of jubilation and exultation which was absolutely fitting to the moment at which each article was written. The sunny feeling of a jocund week animated every writer, and induced him or her to adopt a tone entirely out of harmony with the present mood of England. But those articles are irrevocable now. As the catastrophe caught us with the paper in the press and the machines in full work, only these slight alterations were possible. As matters stand, it is to be feared that the gaiety of some of the articles may jar. There is no help for it.

On the very same day when Colonel Hamilton (literally the Messenger of Peace) waited with Mr. Brodrick upon the King to hand over the deed of peace and surrender, it was announced from Pretoria that the total number of surrenders up to Friday of last week was 18,542. It had indeed been frankly admitted already by the War Office authorities that the number of the surrenders proved the forces of the Boers to have been under-estimated up to the very end of the war. That need not now be matter for recrimination; indeed, it is hard to see how an exact estimate could have been formed of the strength of wandering bands scattered over a vast area of very wild country. The more sensible course is to reflect that every piece of evidence tending to show how great, in its own kind, was the Boer power of fighting, necessarily adds to the credit belonging to Lord Kitchener and the gallant and steadfast troops who carried out his very thorough plan of campaign. Let arm-chair critics and historians prate as they will of a handful of farmers holding their own against an army; practical men will perceive that, having regard to the necessity of guarding lines of communication, and to the difficulties of transport and commissariat, Lord Kitchener's hard-won success deserves to be reckoned among the greatest achievements enshrined in military history.

The most eloquent comment upon the situation in South Africa is that Lord Kitchener has been able to leave for England within three weeks of the signing of peace. It says as much for his tact as a diplomatist as for his skill as commander. Meanwhile, an assurance that the hatchet will be buried is given by the announcement that an international exhibition is to be held in Pretoria. Its success, we may feel sure, is certain. Most of the mercantile countries will find it to their advantage to support it. Germany is said to have already promised

£25,000, and no doubt regards this as a sound investment. All who wish to derive benefit from the commercial activity of the Transvaal will try to obtain a place for their exhibits. Again, the scene of the war is likely to be for some time a favourite resort of tourists, so that a huge "gate" is almost ready-made. The exhibition was a happy thought on the part of him who conceived the idea of it, and offers a safe means of ending the work of pacification so splendidly begun by Lord Kitchener.

The speech recently delivered by the Emperor William at Aix-la-Chapelle exhibited that versatile ruler in one of his finer and more serious moods. He claimed a world-wide "imperium" for Germany, because he says "Every thought of science is first turned to account by us, to be afterwards adopted by other nations." This sort of thing is frequently said, but one doubts if it is capable of being really substantiated. In the past it was not Germany that first turned the thoughts of science to account. A German did not set railway trains running, or apply electricity to the use of man; it is not a German who is trying to conquer the air, or a German who discovered wireless telegraphy. Perhaps the Emperor's words are to some extent true of medical science, though after all even there Koch and his friends only reaped where Pasteur had sown. And in kindred departments the empery is certainly not held by Germans, who, for example, in the domain of natural philosophy have only widened the work done by such men as Newton and Darwin. His pious wish to uphold religion in a country of which he boasts the scientific spirit is one of those things to which one gives an assent based on desirability rather than conviction.

The Carlisle show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England promises to be one of quite unusual merit, more than double the number of horses being entered, for instance, than there were at Cardiff last year. In all other respects the entries are far above the average, on account, perhaps, of its being the last of the ambulatory exhibitions of the society, and also because of the promised patronage of our colonial visitors. At all the county shows the turn-out of Shires has this year been exceptionally large. At such typical shows as the Essex at Romford, the Norfolk at Norwich, and the Hereford and Worcester at Hereford, we find the cart-horse well to the front. Many of these exhibitions are so successful as to suggest that whenever an agricultural show is a failure the fault must lie with the management.

The position of grazing farmers is just now peculiar and embarrassing. For some years the feed has been so scarce as to lead to a diminution of the national stock, and "stores" have been cheap. Just now they are dear, but pasture is plentiful. The doubtful question is whether the high prices for meat are likely or not to continue. It seems that the main cause was last year's scarcity of keep in the United States, combined with the effect of the Beef Trust. The latter is nominally not extended to England, but American dealers in Smithfield Market work together in the way of fixing prices, so that the effect is the same. Our sale of best beef was not formerly affected by the foreign importation, but recently the effect of selling our best bulls abroad has made itself felt, and the Americans are sending meat little if at all inferior to the best Scotch beef, and the quality of that from the Argentine Republic is also much improved. These are new facts that the British farmer has to recognise and grapple with. As far as one can see, the rise in prices is likely to prove temporary, and threatens to be followed by keen competition in a branch of consumption that hitherto has been almost exempt from it.

Readers of the Sunday papers, or of some of them, must have read with some interest a graphic account of a "Tattoo" emblematic of War and Peace at the Alexandra Palace, wherein the Colonial troops at present encamped on those northern heights of London charmed all onlookers by "a gorgeous spectacle evoking immense applause." Those who went to the Alexandra Palace hoping to see such a spectacle and to join in the applause, had a very different tale to tell. There was to have been a "tattoo," and tens of thousands of people gathered together to see and to hear it; but somebody blundered, and no steps were taken in time to clear the ground. The consequence was that the crowd invaded the parade ground, that the "tattoo," as such, was completely spoiled, and that the one fine night of that part of June was, except for some capital fireworks, most thoroughly and completely wasted. As for the "immense applause," it was a pure figment of the imagination, and the language used profusely was by no means that of praise.

That classic thoroughfare the King's Road, Chelsea, made by Charles II. for convenience in approaching Hampton Court, presented a brilliantly moving scene on Saturday, when vehicles of all the best kinds, from fours-in-hand downwards, rolled along, conveying those who longed to watch the final struggle for the America Challenge Cup at Hurlingham. The match, as all the world knows, ended in a very handsome

and complete victory for England, and, where all played remarkably well, it would perhaps be invidious to single out any players for special mention. There were those who said that Mr. Miller was "off colour," but they forgot the grand stroke by which, playing the ball under Mr. Agassiz's pony, he scored the sixth goal of the match. Of the remaining three, Mr. Cecil Nickalls, Mr. Pat Nickalls (who took the place of Mr. Freake, who was indisposed), and Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, who played a grand game as back, it is impossible to speak too highly. The United States team were outclassed and thoroughly beaten, but they played with spirit, and Mr. Foxhall Keene was the best of them. So this America Cup is not lifted, but stays where it is.

Henley will be upon us before we know where we are; and the omens are good. There has been some bickering, probably not on the part of real oarsmen at Cambridge, because the Leander captain has made up his crew entirely from Dark Blues; but it has been very sensibly pointed out that there were five Light Blues in last year's winning eight, and that most of the crack Cambridge oarsmen are otherwise engaged. The *Cambridge Review*, indeed, goes so far as to hope that Third Trinity may beat Leander, merely because Leander is composed exclusively of Oxonians. For our part, we should be glad to see Third Trinity succeed for quite another reason. It is that Leander tends to absorb too much of the rowing talent as it comes down from both Universities, and to deprive the metropolitan clubs of recruits who, distributed among them, would raise the standard of oarsmanship all round.

L'ÉTÉ.

Oh pleasant is the greenwood now;
Come, thro' the thickets let us roam
As long as lightsome limbs allow,
And late go home.

Come, thro' the thickets let us roam;
The sky above is bright and clear,
By cloudlets fleck'd like whitest foam—
Summer is near.

The sky above is bright and clear;
The forest must be fair to-day,
Why linger in the city here?
Let us away!

The forest must be fair to-day;
The cuckoo calls with tireless voice,
The blushing rose supplants the may
Where hearts rejoice.

The cuckoo calls with tireless voice,
Oh pleasant is the greenwood now;
Come, let us rifle at our choice
Its richest drough.

R. BRUCE BOSWELL.

A correspondent writes: "I had always been under the impression that the curse of betting among the poor was confined mainly to the North of England and entirely to men; but I was rudely undeceived the other day. While stopping on Ascot Cup Day to buy a rose for my button-hole near a London station, I heard the flower 'girl' (so-called; she was forty-five if she was a day) say to a newsboy: 'Well, I have backed William the Third and chance the ducks.' Well, of course she won her wager, and I congratulated her next day when stopping to buy another rose; but I was distressed to find that she took her success as quite a matter of course. Comment, as the newspapers say, is needless."

The report of the Royal Commission on the Port of London was, as all who have studied the facts of the problem were perfectly aware, a foregone conclusion. There may be room for question which of the outports of the United Kingdom is best governed and managed; but there was never any doubt at all that the Port of London was managed worse than any considerable port in the civilised world. Never was there a case in which the truth of the saying that "too many cooks spoil the broth" was more completely demonstrated. Never was there such a complication and overlapping of controlling authorities, with the usual result that everybody's business was nobody's business. Thames Conservatory, Trinity House, dock owners, wharfingers, and County Council all had their finger in the pie. Then came the great Dock Strike to place its finger on the weak spots in London's harness and to show that portions of the trade of the Port, the transhipping section, for example, could be carried on at Hamburg equally well; and to Hamburg the transhipping trade migrated, never to return. But for a Port of London controlled by a small and businesslike trust there will be great hopes.

The twelfth report, lately issued, of the London Playing Fields Society shows that good work is being done by this society, whose objects ought to appeal especially to lovers of country life. Broadly speaking, these objects are to acquire, develop, and improve cricket grounds, football grounds, and playing fields in general in the neighbourhood of London for the use and

amusement of Londoners. Beginning in 1831 with the acquirement of some fields at Raynes Park, the society has gone on to take under its charge many "pastures new," altogether embracing an area sufficient to accommodate more than 150 cricket pitches and upwards of 3,300 players. For the maintenance and increase of this excellent work the society, through its secretary, Mr. G. F. Mordaunt, 45, Gloucester Street, S.W., is asking for increased annual subscriptions, and also for special donations to the amount of £7,000, for the extension of Prince George's Playing Field at Raynes Park, and £800 to meet the expense incurred in laying out the Magdalen Playing Field near Earlsfield Station.

Our rivers, apart from the chalk streams which relatively are little affected by the clouds, have had such a scouring out by the rains of May and June as has not happened to them for many a year. It will be interesting to see the effect on the trout and the grayling, on which last the spates have come at the moment when they were engaged on domestic business. No doubt the grayling move about a good deal, according to the variations in the depth of water in a river, and seem less stationary than the trout—the brown trout, that is to say; we do not here speak of the rainbow of Odyssean habits. In some rivers, or some parts of a river, the grayling undoubtedly are increasing, to the detriment of the trout. Lately in a big hotel we saw on the menu an item that taxed our knowledge of French severely. It was "Ombre." On investigation "Ombre" proved to be grayling—charming name for the pale, ghost-like fish; but it is evidence of the abundance, somewhere, of grayling that a large hotel should be able to make it the staple fish of this dinner. On the other hand, in some rivers, and certain parts of some rivers, which the droughts of recent years have been affecting, the grayling have been decreasing. Perhaps the floods of this spring and early summer will bring them back to their old haunts. It will be interesting to see.

A wail goes up to heaven from all gardeners throughout the length and breadth of the land over spoiled blooms, the multitude of insect pests—green-fly and the like—and all the ills that a season of perpetual wet brings with it. In the Southern Counties the distressing conditions are felt, perhaps, more keenly than elsewhere. For several years past the hay crop has failed in the South by reason of the drought, and now that there is at least a tolerable crop it appears as if no opportunity would be given for reaping it. The maxim that hay should be made when the sun shines has a cruel irony in this year of grace.

The hon. secretary of the Westmeath Lakes' Fishing Protection Association, in his interesting annual report, tells of the great increase of otters in the Westmeath rivers, and the great destruction done by them to trout and other fish. He (the hon. secretary) expresses his surprise that there are not more packs of otter-hounds in Ireland. It is, indeed, surprising that this should be so. Ireland is admirably adapted for the pursuit of this animal—one of the very few "beasts of chase" that we have left. A decade or two ago there used to be a few packs of otter-hounds in Ireland, but this season, with the exception of the pack kept by the "King's" (Liverpool) Regiment, which hunts the rivers in Kildare and Wicklow, there are none. This is all the more extraordinary when it is considered that the Irish race love nothing so well as sport; but still, where otter-hunting would fill up the one void in the year, it is not prosecuted. The network of rivers all over Ireland offers such splendid facilities for sport, and it is well known that otters exist in far greater numbers than is generally imagined, so the wonder is that there are not several packs of otter-hounds to be found in Erin. They would help to keep the sporting gentry in the country, and, besides, they would greatly assist the important fishing interests by keeping down the otters where they are too numerous.

The manner in which the British soldier has received his brother Boer who has surrendered has never perhaps been summed up more ably than in the emphatic and terse comment of a Colonial civilian who witnessed some of the scenes of fraternisation following the surrender: "I'm d—d if Tommy Atkins is not a gentleman!" There can be no doubt that throughout the whole of this unhappy war, thus happily ended, Tommy Atkins has behaved himself in an extraordinary degree, and in the best sense of the phrase, "like a gentleman." There is another side to the case. It is no less notable that, with a few exceptions that were inevitable, the Boer also has behaved himself "like a gentleman." That both sides would fight like brave men was certain from the outset. In the happy result there will be many to echo the hope expressed by Commandant Fouché when he came in to surrender, that the next time Boer and Briton fought it would be side by side. No ally could be more welcome than our late enemy.

ROYAL ASCOT.



W. A. Rouch.

ROYAL PROCESSION DRIVING UP THE NEW MILE.

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ASCOT has come and gone, and the verdict has been that, taken all round, it was the most brilliant for many a long year, even though its glories were marred by the absence of His Majesty, who was advised not to run any risk in consequence of the chill he contracted at Aldershot. The Royal Procession took place, however, with even more than its accustomed brilliance, Her Majesty graciously receiving the hearty cheers which greeted her as she drove up the course from the Golden Gates.

The early morning on Tuesday was lowering, some rain fell, and it looked for a long time as if we were to be treated to another of those uncomfortable wet days of which we have had too many this season. There was a goodly lot of horses doing early work before breakfast, and a lot of owners, trainers, and jockeys took a walk round the course to examine the ground.

We have often seen those interested—to 95 per cent. of those at Ascot the condition of the course is a matter of utter indifference—trying vainly to push a stick into the ground at Ascot, but never in my recollection have there been long faces at the softness of the going. It was all heavy on the opening day, and in places on the far side was really deep and sloppy. That the newly-made ground was in as good condition as it was caused surprise, and reflects great credit on those who carried out the work against time.

That ground so recently made should break down a little under such a continued deluge was only natural, but it was not sufficient to mar the racing in any way.

The new stands were all that had been said of them—commodious, convenient, and, above all, so constructed that it was possible to see the racing from them.



W. A. Rouch.

RACE FOR THE GOLD VASE—ICE MAIDEN LEADING.

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The crowd throughout the week was very great, and even in the enlarged paddock it was difficult sometimes to find a horse one wanted to see, while looking for a person was like looking for a needle in a haystack. I do not remember ever seeing such a crowd at any meeting as there was on the Cup day. To give anything like a list of the notabilities present would far exceed the limits at my disposal. There were Foreigners, Colonials, Indians, and distinguished visitors from the United States, too numerous to mention, as a lady pointed out to me. There was only one thing missing that one usually sees at Ascot, and that was the wonted profusion of strawberries and cream. Strawberries there were, certainly, but few and far between, a strong testimony to the inclemency of the season.

The new rails on the far side were a distinct improvement, though they did not entirely prevent the crowd of foot people on the course between the races which does so much to spoil the going when the ground is just on the verge of being hard, but would be quite safe for horses were it not tramped down to the consistency of concrete by the thousand footed crowd.

According to custom, racing opened with the Trial Stakes, which brought out a field of eleven, from whom the public quickly picked out a favourite in Rose Blair, a half sister to Port Blair; she justified the selection, and, having the race in hand a long way from home, won very easily by several lengths.

The Gold Vase brought out a field of nine to run the severe two mile course. Of these, Sidus, Pax, and Rice are old performers at this distance, but they were unable to go the pace with Ice Maiden. The Kingsclere people made no secret of their belief in her ability to get the course, and the public followed



Rouch. FINISH FOR THE ROYAL HUNT CUP—SOLICITOR WINS.

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their advice, so that she started a good favourite and made her own running all the way. The only one of the elders to make a show was Rice, and he made a gallant effort as they came into

the straight, but the weight told on him, and he had to give way to another young one in Prince Florizel.

The Coventry Stakes is always one of the most interesting events of the week, as it introduces us to some of the most fashionably bred youngsters of the year, and is always contested by a large field. It is a race which is notorious for surprises. The T.Y.C. at Ascot being 135yds. further than the ordinary five furlongs the young ones have hitherto run



Rouch. ARD PATRICK, WINNER OF PRINCE OF WALES'S STAKES.

Copyright

over, and the course being uphill all the way, finds out the weak places in many a fancied good thing. On Tuesday, in the heavy state of the ground, it was a very severe test of stamina.

Favouritism was divided between Rock Sand and Baroness La Fleche, the respective winners of the Woodcote and Acorn Stakes at Epsom, the former being a shade better in demand. Red Lily, Sermon, Mrs. Gamp, and Sankence were all fancied by their connections, but the finish was only between the two favourites, who raced home far apart on the two sides of the course, so that no one but the judge could tell which had won. There was great excitement during the brief interval before the numbers went up, and the verdict was given in favour of Sir J. Miller's Rock Sand, by Sainfoin out of that good mare Roquebrune, who, if I remember rightly, made her debut in the same race.

After the usual interval the Ascot Stakes came up for decision, and brought out a field of thirteen, among whom Carabine, Balsarroch, Ramb-



W. A. Rouch.

THE Paddock.

Copyright

ling Katie, and Sweet Sounds were all winners over a distance of ground. Most of the field were, however, well known performers, and pretty nearly everything in the race was backed by some one or other. The winner turned up in Scullion, who was better served by the weights than when she ran fourth behind Shaun Dhuv on Saturday at Sandown. Carabine was right behind till coming into the straight, and seemed to have some difficulty in finding an opening; when he did get through he galloped in his usual resolute style, and was making up ground fast in the last furlongs.

In the Forty-fifth Biennial Stakes we made the acquaintance of a very nice filly in Quintessence, by St. Frusquin out of Margarine, who won in the easiest fashion from Kroonstad and Padilla. She is a most beautifully shaped creature, and should grow into a grand mare. Zinfandel, about

whom all sorts of exaggerated tales were going about the paddock, ran very indifferently, and did the ring a good turn, which they rather needed. Golden Wings colt, who started the actual favourite, also failed to sustain his early reputation.

Wednesday is supposed to be an off day at Ascot, but favoured by the weather it drew a great crowd. The warm sun had done a good deal for the course, which was, however, still rather on the soft side. It was quite pleasant to see and feel an hour's continuous bright sunshine. Backers made a good beginning in

selecting Fast Castle for the Visitors' Plate, as she had beaten Scullion in their places on Saturday. The former Brocklesby winner took up the running from Happy Match after entering the straight, and easily defeated Orbel by half a length.



W. A. Rouch.

HER MAJESTY ARRIVES AT THE STANDS.

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In the Biennial Stakes the issue lay between St. Windeline and Friar Tuck, ridden by the brothers Cannon. Queen's Bower, who finished third, made the running most of the way on sufferance, but as they neared home the mare shot out, and, soon

having taken the measure of Friar Tuck, won easily.

Twenty-three competitors went to the post for the popular Hunt Cup, and the field represented the best mile form of the season, a number of horses with very high credentials taking part. Solicitor, after a hardly contested race, deprived Csardas



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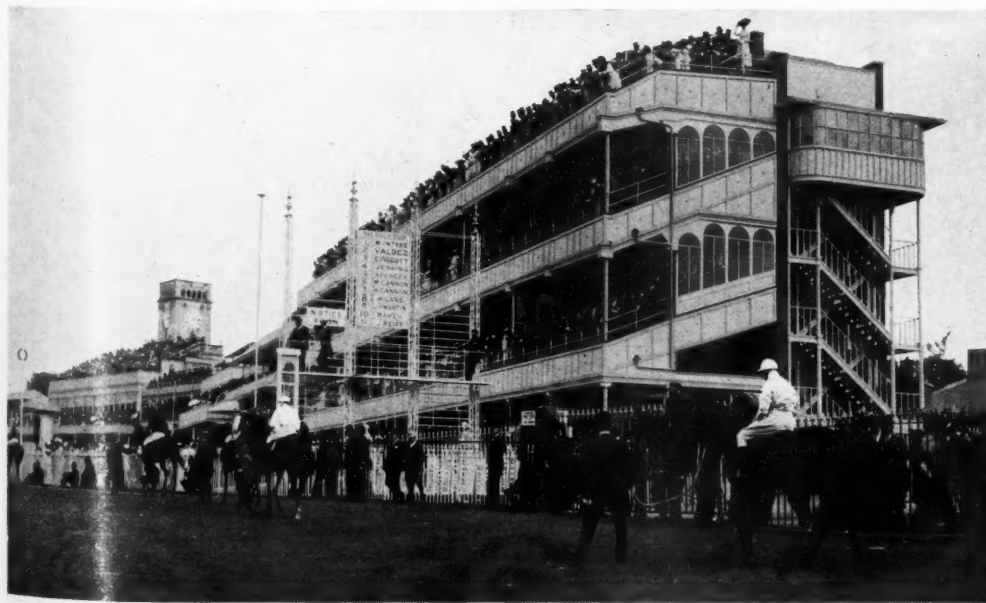
FINISH FOR THE GOLD CUP.

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of the lead, and won by a length and a-half in 1 min. 44 1-5 sec., St. Maclou being third, and Fighting Furley fourth. Epsom Lad was nowhere, but once more he slipped his saddle, and Valdez finished with it in his hand. The truth is that when

thoroughly wound up the conformation of this horse makes it almost impossible to saddle him in such a way as to prevent his saddle from slipping back.

I was sorry to see Sceptre pulled out for the Coronation Stakes. The mare looked jaded, as well she might after her double journey and severe race, and had obviously lost muscle. I do not believe any race-horse of the present or any other time could stand the amount of work to which this mare has been subjected. Our great-grandfathers ran heats and ran their horses two or three days in succession, whereby many broke down and only the fittest survived, but at that time race meetings were few and far between, horses walked from meeting to meeting or to their homes, and thus got long spells, if not of absolute rest, of only walking exercise. In this way they picked up again after severe



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THE PARADE FOR THE GOLD CUP.

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exertion, but even the most extreme advocate of heroic measures never attempted to keep a horse wound up to concert pitch for months at a time and run it continually in severe contests. Such a course of treatment with a delicate excitable mare can have no other result than to impair her constitution to such an extent as to imperil her career at the stud, even if it is temporarily successful in enabling her owner to annex a number of stakes. It was not even successful in this, for, in spite of the mare's gallant effort, she could not get into the first three. Doctrine won by a length from Simony. The winner is by Ayrshire out of Axiom by Peter, whose Ascot victory seems but as yesterday, out of a Sterling mare.

Backers lost heavily when they made Lord Dunraven's game little gelding Salute favourite for the Fern Hill Stakes. That he had a fair chance was the highest at which his connections put his prospects, but the public rushed in as it always does to back an animal which has been consistently successful. As at Kempton, he gave trouble at the gate, and getting none too well away, was last till the stand was reached, when he made a great effort and passed all those of his year, and some others, but was unable to overhaul the leaders. How backers overlooked the fact that Sterling Balm was about the best filly in training last year is a mystery. That she could not get a mile and a-half was seen at Epsom, but over five furlongs she would take a deal of beating.

Even more glorious weather was experienced on the Cup day, and the crowd was greater than ever. In the Rous Memorial Stakes Royal Lancer beat Veles by a length, Pistol, who had been made a hot favourite, not being able to get nearer than third. Nine faced the starter for the All Aged Stakes, and a favourite was found in Lord Bobs, but he had to put up with second place to Reine des Fleurs, who had journeyed from France to take part in the contest. Her victory seemed to portend success for the French representatives in the Gold Cup. In the parade Santoi was wearing a muzzle, thus showing that the rumours as to his temper had solid foundation. Cap and Bells II. and Mannlicher led past the stand, but in the Swinley Bottom the mare was done with, and Mannlicher went on at a good pace, William the Third and Osboch being nearly last, but along the stretch by the Lime Kilns they came to the front, and William the Third came up the straight with the race well in hand, and won as he liked by five lengths. The victory was a popular one, both owner and jockey being great favourites with racing men, they having had none the best of luck lately. The public always anxious to follow success made

the Duke of Portland's Greatorex favourite for the New Stakes, but he had to succumb to Sir Ernest Cassel's Sermou who was evidently improved by his race on Tuesday.

The much-enduring Sceptre having only a mile set her, annexed the St. James's Palace Stakes from Flying Lemur and Rising Glass, thus giving colour to what has so often been suggested before, that a mile is really her best distance.

The fourth day's sport was begun after a heavy downpour, which lasted all the morning. William the Third and Osboch reproduced their form of the previous day, the former winning the Alexandra Plate in great style.

The Wokingham Stakes resulted in a fiasco, which will afford subject for considerable future discussion. MENDIP.

THE KING'S INVITATION.

THE invitation card for the King's dinner of July 5, which has been admirably reproduced by Messrs. Hudson and Kearns from a happy design by Mr. H. Banks, will undoubtedly be treasured by all its recipients by reason of its artistic beauty, of its pleasant associations, and of the vast number of significant details which the artist has managed to cram within a narrow compass without in any way overcrowding the picture. In the centre is a winged figure of the Spirit of Love, with roses, the emblems of love, in her hair, and with her head standing out against the sun, which always shines upon some part of the British Empire. This figure, with extended arms, touches two crowns which surmount two exceptionally good portraits of the King and Queen by Messrs. W. and D. Downey. The portraits are united by bands of roses, and above the figure are shown two girls clasping hands; they are typical of the East and West, and indicate the extent of His Majesty's Empire. The portraits of the King and Queen rest upon a base of stone, typifying the stability of the Empire, and on to that stone, at the beginning of a new reign, the figure of the Spirit of Love is mounted, so that her feet are no longer visible. Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle twined around the border require no explanation, and the same may be said of the shields of St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and a fourth representing the union of the crosses, which are the corners of the border. The whole is exceptionally good, and worthy to be preserved—as it will be by thousands—as a memorial of a great and happy occasion.



MOOR PARK, FARNHAM.

THIS is one of the most interesting seats in the county of Surrey. It has recently become additionally so through Earl Roberts selecting it as a place of residence, attracted thither, doubtless, by the historical interest and charm of the house and garden, and the beautiful and restful country around.

Within a short distance—not more than half a mile—is the famous Waverley Abbey, and the ruins have been lately explored, with the result that several relics of considerable interest were discovered. But precious to everyone who loves flower and bird life is Selborne, about eight miles away, and one can well understand how deeply the gentle Gilbert White loved the beautiful lanes and gardens near to his peaceful home.

Moor Park is not an extensive garden, but full of interest from its associations as well as its special features. It is about a mile and a half from the town of Farnham, and is situated upon rather low-lying ground, with the river meandering through the grounds by the lawn and pleasure garden; but if the house is placed rather low, this position has decided advantages, for it is very warm and sheltered, and one is therefore able to establish many rather tender things, which would fail in more exposed places. How delightful it is to be able to coax into rude growth

the plants that love a sunnier and warmer clime than that of the Midlands and North of England. Only in kindly situations are the Mexican Orange flower (*Choisya ternata*), the escallonia, the fragrant myrtle, pomegranate, and the sweet verberna quite happy. Behind the house rises a mound of sand-hills, covered with Scotch fir, weather-beaten and aged, but beautiful in their sombre colouring.

The gardens are of formal design, and under the sundial upon the lawn, tradition asserts, the heart of Sir William Temple is buried. Moor Park was the house of Sir William Temple, and here Swift passed the earlier days of his strange career, and here began that mysterious love affair with Stella, Swift's pet name for Hester Johnson, daughter of Sir William's housekeeper. The house Stella occupied stands near one of the entrances to the estate, and is still called Stella Cottage.

One can well understand the reason of the formal gardens at Moor Park, for Sir William Temple himself had much to do with popularising the formal style of gardening in England, having brought his ideas from the Netherlands and France. Horace Walpole, in his "Essay on Gardening," alludes to Sir William Temple when he says: "We are apt to think that Sir William

Temple and King William introduced the formal style, but by the description of Lord Burleigh's gardens at Theobalds and those at Nonsuch, we find that the magnificent, though false, taste was known here as early as the reigns of Henry VIII. and his daughter."

Sir William Temple was no admirer of gardening run riot. In his day gardens were fashioned upon an extravagant scale, and a large expenditure was necessary to maintain them. In 1685 Sir William Temple wrote: "As to the size of a garden, which will perhaps in time grow extravagant among us, I think from four or five to seven acres is as much as any gentleman need design."

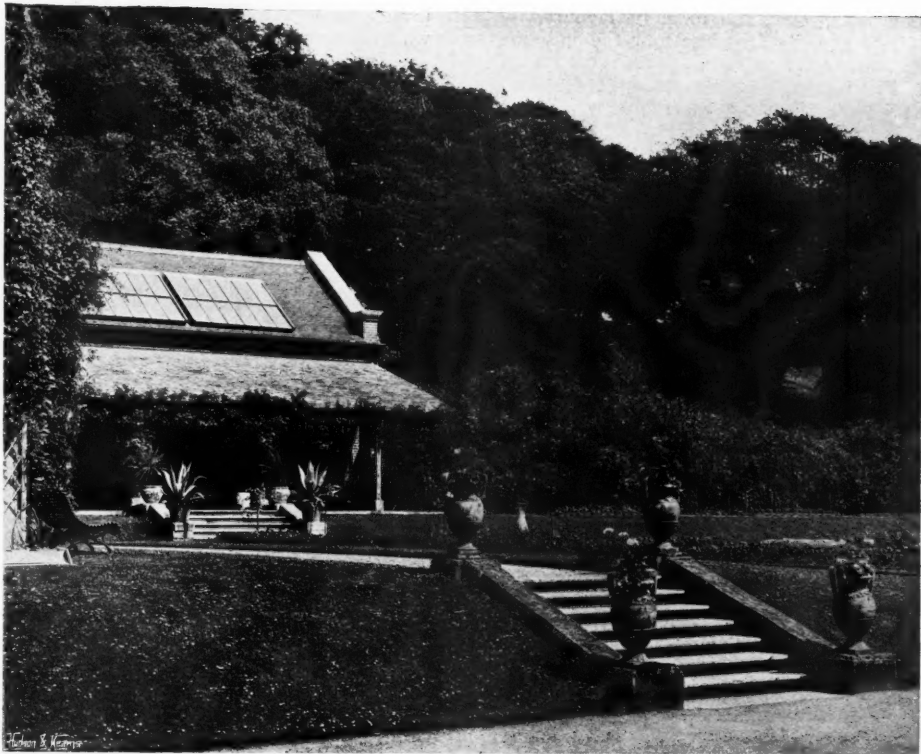
Sir William's garden at Sheen, where he once resided, was finely maintained, as one would expect from such a practical painstaking gardener. It even impressed Evelyn, who wrote of it in 1658: "The wall-fruit trees are most exquisitely nail'd and train'd, far better than I ever noted."

Moor Park at Farnham must not be confounded with the

garden Temple loved well in his youth—Moor Park in Hertfordshire—but the Moor Park at Farnham was so called because of his association with the Hertfordshire garden. Temple called it his "Retreat," and in those days Farnham and its surroundings were indeed far from the bustle and turmoil of human life.

Temple did much for horticulture in his day. He possessed the true gardening spirit, and was proud to have been the means of introducing four new sorts of grapes into England—the Arboise, from Francha Compté, a small white grape, "it

agrees well with our climate. . . . the most delicious of all grapes that are not muscat"; the Red Burgundy, "a Grizelin or pale red, and of all others surest to ripen in our climate, so that I have never known them to fail one summer these fifteen years, when all others have, and have had it good upon an east wall"; a black muscat, "which is called The Dowager, and ripens as well as the common grape"; the Grizelin Frontignan, "the noblest of all grapes I ever ate in England, but it requires the



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ON THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FROM THE LAWN.

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hottest wall and the sharpest gravel, and must be favoured by the summer, too, to be very good." Of these four the only one known to the writer, or that, so far as he is aware, is cultivated to any extent, is the Frontignan, perhaps the most delicious grape in the world, and evidently Sir William appreciated its rich flavour.

Sir William Temple was more interested in the culture of fruits than of flowers. He declared, indeed, that "I only pleased

myself with seeing and smelling them, and not troubled myself with the care, which is more the ladies' part than the men's."

It is an interesting garden. When Sir William purchased it he made a Dutch garden, as one can well understand, as he cherished the quaint gardening of the Netherlands. His nephew added considerably to it also, and Lord Percival refers to it in a letter dated August 25th, 1724, to the nephew, for he writes: "Called on Jack Temple, who lives a mile from Farnham."



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A PICTURESQUE CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

MRS. RIGGLES MAKES A MATCH.

By EVELYN E. RYND.

"WHEN fus' me 'usbing came a-courtin' me," said Mrs. Riggles, solemnly, "I 'ung back that 'eavy I might a been a helephant. 'Hall wimming should know their values, Riggles,' ses I, 'me 'avin' your promise in writin', as don' you never forget,' ses I, 'and 'url meself at your 'ead I will not,' ses I to 'im, 'come what may.' Which no more I did, an' well for both on us."

"You listen careful to what your Harnt Merier ses, Beetris," said Mrs. Williams, admonishingly, "an' you'll do! A more genteel person than your Harnt Merier never—never—"

"Wore old bewts," said Mrs. Smith, with a shriek of mirth. Under the universal glare her laughter suddenly ceased.

"An' his that a joke, 'Ester?" enquired Mrs. Williams, majestically, after an awful pause.

"It depends on 'ow you takes it, Lewcy," said Mrs. Smith, paling. "I've 'eard it can be took as sech."

"I would rayther me bewts was not took at all, if the same to hall present," said Mrs. Riggles, with deep dignity. "Hold they hare not, hexcep' for comfit in the wear, as I need 'ardly remark, Riggles bein' where 'e is; nor hany larger than is wore by mos' ladies of me persition, if slightly slit at the sides on account of corns. Hif 'Ester wishes to be laughable—"

"I'm sure I never wished to be laughable," said Mrs. Smith, weeping.

"Apologize, 'Ester," said Mrs. Williams, breathing heavily.

"I beg your pardon, Merier," said Mrs. Smith.

"It's granted," said Mrs. Riggles. "Where was we?"

"At 'angin' back," said Beatress, dejectedly.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Riggles. "Yes, 'angin' back; you 'avin' a lovin' letter from 'im—"

"But I 'aven't got no letter," said Beatress.

"You 'aven't got no letter!" repeated Mrs. Riggles, amid general consternation.

"No," replied her niece; "'e's never writ me nothink."

"Then a letter mus' be got," said Mrs. Riggles, firmly.

"From a well-to-do young man like that 'ere, if a little foolish, it mus' be got. You leave it to me, Beetris. And meanwhile 'ang back steady. That's me advice to hall young wimming when leadin' a 'usbing to the halter. As is honly befitin'."

"Supposin' 'e 'angs back, too?" said Beatress. "Then you wouldn't neither of you never get there."

"It aint a place you can go to alone, of course," remarked Mrs. Smith, pensively.

"Nor hany need," said Mrs. Riggles. "Tell 'im of it firm an' immegit, an' let there be no mistake. It's 'is place to 'utl issself, an' you should see as 'ow 'e does it as constant as may be. Which the way Riggles 'urled 'issself was a lesson to all 'usings an' a marvil to be'olders."

"Nothin' could a-been more so," added Mrs. Williams deeply. "Never shall I forget the shock an' surprise it were to me when firs' I seed Mr. Riggles a-gallop' arter Merier."

"Yes, you was surprised, Lewcy," said Mrs. Smith, smiling brightly. "Merier bein' the hage and size she is, ses you to me—"

"Ester!" roared Mrs. Williams.

"There 'e is," said Beatress, suddenly, whereupon the petrified Mrs. Riggles came hurriedly to life again, Mrs. Williams's features changed from a stiff horror to eager animation, and the impending catastrophe was averted. Skirts were hurriedly rearranged, chairs shifted, and bonnets patted.

"Beetris, me dear," said Mrs. Riggles, in a loud voice, "ave another cup er tea. 'Ow will you hever keep that handsome colour of yours if you don't— Did I 'ear a knock, as it were?"

"I think you did, Merier," replied Mrs. Williams, equally loudly.

"Why, you must 'ave, Merier," said Mrs. Smith, in surprised accents. "We hall did. It's Mr. Speal."

"Ush, 'Ester," hissed Mrs. Williams.

"'Oo can it be, I wonder?" said Mrs. Riggles, at the top of her voice, waving a stern hand at Mrs. Smith. "Beetris, you go an' see."

While Beatress was fulfilling her aunt's behest, coughs, nods, and winks circulated in a continuous stream among the three ladies left at the table, the enjoyable significance of which was only slightly marred by an irrepressible shriek of happiness from Mrs. Smith.

At last Beatress re-entered, extremely red and giggling loudly, ushering in a young man, the hue of whose countenance rivalled her own, and who appeared to be struggling against an overpowering desire to flee instantly.

"Mr. Speal!" ejaculated Mrs. Riggles, in accents of acute astonishment. "Now this his a surprise! Hanythink more astonishin' to Beetris I can't 'ardly imagine! The larst thing she heggspectid, as sevril times 'as she said to me this hafternoon."

"'Old your tongue, 'Ester," hissed Mrs. Williams, hastily. Not that Mrs. Smith had said anything, but the simultaneous and astounded opening of her eyes and mouth was sufficient.

"Sit down an' 'ave a cup er tea, do," continued Mrs. Riggles, hospitably. "Beetris, get a clean cup."

"Perraps Mr. Speal wouldn't mind 'avin' mine?" said Beatress, with a coy glance and a toss of the head.

"Beetris," said Mrs. Riggles, in a deep aside, "'ang back."

"I'd rayther 'ave a clean one, if the same to you," said Mr. Speal, hurriedly.

Still apparently in the direst discomfort, he bowed to the company, took his seat, and received his tea. Mrs. Smith immediately fixed her eyes upon him with an air of happy interest, and emitted a cheerful giggle. A deep silence ensued, which was presently broken by a cough from Mrs. Williams.

"Did you speak, Lewcy?" enquired Mrs. Riggles, in a solemn manner.

"No, Merier," replied Mrs. Williams; "not heggzacly."

"Ah, I thought perraps you did," said Mrs. Riggles, and silence fell again.

"I think I mus' be goin' soon," said Mr. Speal.

Everyone started, and the happy smile suddenly faded from Mrs. Smith's countenance.

"Why, you've honly jus' come," she said.

"Beetris 'angin' back the way she does," said Mrs. Riggles, recovering herself with extreme dignity; "fur be it from me for to press you for to stop, Mr. Speal."

"I can't reelly think why I hever come," continued Mr. Speal, smiling feebly; "I'd 'alf promised Mary White to go to them this Sunday."

"Harnt!" whispered Beatress, in an agonised appeal, as, greatly agitated, she rose to get the toast from the fender.

"Beetris," replied Mrs. Riggles, deeply, "'ang back."

"'E aint a-'urlin' of 'isself quite as 'e might do, is 'e, Lewcy?" said Mrs. Smith, in a perturbed aside.

"You 'old your tongue, 'Ester," replied Mrs. Williams, as usual.

"I've 'ad me tea sevril times this artemnoon as it is," said Mr. Speal, with dejected irritation. "The way a man gets set at—"

"An' do we live by tea alone?" enquired Mrs. Riggles.

"Ah! Merier, well may you harsk it," said Mrs. Williams, in strong admiration.

"Of course there's other things," said Mr. Speal, paling under Mrs. Riggles's eye.

"Dear me, I'm sure, Mr. Speal!" said Beatress, with a conscious giggle.

"When first I went a-courtin' Riggles," said Mrs. Riggles, "hor rather the hother way round, of course hanythink 'eavier than the way I 'ung back couldn't 'ardly a been. But it wasn't nothin' to the 'eaviness of Beetris. 'I'm goin' out for a walk be meself, harnt,' ses she to me this artemnoon. 'With Mr. Speal a-comin' an' all?' ses I, serperised. 'Yes, harnt,' ses she, sollim. 'His this kind, Beetris?' ses I, serious; 'an' we hall knowin' the heye with which 'e might look on you at hany moment,' ses I."

'Kind it may not be,' ses Beetris to me, pale with hemotion, as it were, 'but never shall 'e think as I 'urls meself at hanyone's 'ead, 'owever pleasin', ses she, 'like some in this villidge as is better left unmentioned though livin' nex' door but three.'"

"She didn't go, of course," put in Mrs. Smith, anxiously. "Merier, 'adn't you better tell 'im that? She didn't go, Mr. Speal. In fact, I've been 'ere meself the 'ole artemnoon, an' I never 'eard 'er speak about it, but of course—"

"'Ester, will you 'old your tongue!" said Mrs. Williams, strongly. "I'm ashamed on you, I am."

"You're hallways bein' ashamed on me, Lewcy," said Mrs. Smith, sniffing. "I aint done nothin'."

"'It's not very likely," continued Mrs. Riggles, waving at Mrs. Smith, "'as 'ow 'e should think that of a girl as is ser much run arter as yourself, Beetris,' ses I. 'It mus' be clear to 'im as to hall that the way sevril well-to-do young fellers is a-'urlin' of theirsels arter you is a marvel to all be'olders,' ses I."

"'Oo is they, Merier?" asked Mrs. Smith, anxiously.

"I 'adn't 'eard of it meself," said Mr. Speal, thoughtfully.

"'You'll stop an' be perlite to the young man, Beetris, 'owever many hothers you 'as,' ses I, stern, as doubtless 'Ester aint noticed through bein' a little weak in the 'ead. 'As your harnt,' ses I, 'I'll not 'ave the young man treated unkind in my 'ouse, 'owever different your 'eart may be feelin' unbeknowned to some,' ses I."

"My goodness me!" said Beatress, with an embarrassed giggle and an engaging toss of the head and jerk of the shoulders. Mr. Speal buried an extremely red countenance in his tea-cup.

"Beetris," said Mrs. Riggles, in a deep aside, "'ang back."

At this moment Mr. Speal's eye happened to catch, over the edge of his cup, the unmoving stare of the absorbed Mrs. Smith. He set his tea down with an injured face.

"If the lady hopposite would look at something helse for a few momings," he said, aggrievedly, "perraps I might feel meself more comfrefble."

"'Ester, look another way, or go 'ome," commanded Mrs. Riggles. "It's doubtless 'ard not to fix the heye on sech a costoom as is seldom seen in this villidge, which few young men knows 'ow to dress like Mr. Speal, but it must be fought again!"

"I'm sure I never meant to look at 'im," said Mrs. Smith, in much discomfiture.

"She 'asn't the self-control the rest on us 'as," explained Mrs. Riggles, kindly.

There was a short pause, during which Mr. Speal constantly glanced, with an injured and suspicious eye, at Mrs. Smith, who instantly looked hard out of the window. When the removal of Mr. Speal's eye enabled her to resume her gaze, she did so.

"I'm sorry to 'ear as 'ow business is doin' ser badly," said Mrs. Riggles, conversationally.

"Badly!" said Mr. Speal, with a start; "'oo said so?"

"Ah, that's what I ses," replied Mrs. Riggles, profoundly.

"It's 'ardly likely to be doin' badly with a young man sech as Mr. Speal a-lookin' arter it," ses I. "But 'e can't look arter it,' ses me friend to me. 'Why not?' ses I. 'When 'e's in the stoddio a developin' picture with all 'is 'eart in the clever way 'e 'as,' ses 'e, 'there's people a-leavin' the shop for want of someone to attend to 'em,' ses 'e. 'Well, carn't 'e 'ave a boy to mind the shop?' ses I, a-smilin'. 'An' if 'e 'as to pay a boy an' feed 'im, where's the profits?' ses 'e. But, of course, it mayn't be so."

"Did you 'ear as 'ow people 'ad 'ad to leave the shop?" enquired Mr. Speal, agitatedly.

"I did," replied Mrs. Riggles, solemnly.

"I mus' 'ave a bell put into the stoddio hat once," said Mr. Speal.

Mrs. Smith's countenance fell.

"Bells breaks," said Beatress, hastily.

"Beetris," said Mrs. Riggles, "'ang back. An' a very good hidea, too, Mr. Speal, pictures bein' things you can leave at hany instant, so to speak."

"You can't always do that, come to think of it," said Mr. Speal, despondingly.

At this juncture Mrs. Riggles coughed and glanced at Mrs. Williams.

"Ah! you oughter marry, Mr. Speal," said Mrs. Williams.

"Oh, Lewcy, do you reelly think so?" said Mrs. Riggles, earnestly.

"I do, Merier," replied Mrs. Williams.

"But why, Lewcy?" urged Mrs. Riggles. "Think what it means, Lewcy."

"Do you pay a wife hanythink for mindin' the shop, Merier?" demanded Mrs. Williams. "You do not. Does she heat the food? Yes; but she likewise cooks it. So what I ses is, marry."

"There's that, certingly," said Mr. Speal.

"Go hon," said Beatress, giggling. "Mr. Speal don' wanter marry. Why should 'e? Do you, Mr. Speal?"

"Beetris," said Mrs. Riggles, in a deep aside, "'ang back."

"I can honly say what I thinks, Merier," said Mrs. Williams, resignedly.

"Ah! if Lewcy advises it, then I can't say no more," said

Mrs. Riggles, with a sigh. "Ad I a son, as it might be about your hown age, Mr. Speal, I should say to 'im, 'Take Lewcy's advice on hall sech matters, for a better-thinkin', kinder creacher never were."

There was another pause.

"Marridge is a subjec' I 'ardly hever discusses meself," said Mr. Speal, gazing at the ceiling, "along of me seein' the dangers of it."

"Ah! 'ow right that is," murmured Mrs. Riggles.

"The way a man gets set at——" said Mr. Speal.

"Ah! the bold wimming there is in the world," said Mrs. Riggles, shaking her head with a trembling lip.

Here Mr. Speal brought his eyes down from the ceiling, and once more encountered the absorbed gaze of Mrs. Smith.

"The lady hopposite——" he said, with an injured air.

"'Ester!" said Mrs. Williams, sharply.

"Yes, Lewcy," said Mrs. Smith, startled, and leaping in her chair, "I'm lookin' outer winder, Lewcy."

"Then stop there," said Mrs. Williams.

"She's much to be heggscused, pore soul," said Mrs. Riggles, tenderly; "but, 'Ester, you really mus' remember as 'ow the young man aint the sort of young man as likes to be stared at like some young men, 'Ester."

"I'm sure I'm haccustomed enough to be stared at," said Mr. Speal, in a perturbed manner, "but there is somethink about the way——"

"It's your modist 'art, Mr. Speal," said Mrs. Riggles, smiling mournfully.

After a silence of some seconds, during which Mr. Speal appeared to be thinking deeply, he cleared his throat.

"H'are you a-goin' to the Primrose Fête, Miss Riggles?" he said, looking searchingly at the ceiling.

"Dear me, I'm sure, Mr. Speal," said Beatress, growing redder than ever with flurried delight at being thus directly addressed. "I don't know. I think—I—harnt——"

"I don't let me niece go nowhers alone," interposed Mrs. Riggles, with great dignity. "With a girl of 'er looks it aint 'ardly the thing; but thank you kindly for your offer, which I shall be 'appy to trust 'er to you hanywheres, an' which day may it be?"

"Why, Merier, you know it's the——" began Mrs. Smith, eagerly.

"You 'ush this hinstant, 'Ester," said Mrs. Williams.

"Which day did you say it was, Mr. Speal?" enquired the unconscious Mrs. Riggles.

"The seventeenth—to-morrer," said Mr. Speal, agitatedly; "but I don't know as I quite meant——"

"H'is it the seventeenth?" said Mrs. Riggles, thoughtfully. "I 'ad a hidea it was the twentieth, now!"

"No, Merier, it is the——" began Mrs. Smith once more.

"No one's a-speakin' to you, 'Ester, that I'm aware of," said Mrs. Riggles. "Lewcy, 'adn't you a notion it was the twentieth?"

"Now I come to think of it, Merier," said Mrs. Williams, with the surprised air of one upon whom an entirely new idea suddenly dawns, "so I 'ad."

"Now what h'are we to do?" ejaculated Mrs. Riggles, in great distress. "'Ere's Mr. Speal that kindly harskin' Beatris to go to the fête with 'im, an' no one certing whether it's the seventeenth or the twentieth! If honly one of us was a-goin' up street! But that's the worst of livin' so far outer the village!"

"I'm goin', Merier," said Mrs. Smith, "an'——"

"'Ush, 'Ester, will you?" whispered Mrs. Williams fiercely.

"Why should I 'ush, Lewcy?" said Mrs. Smith, sniffing.

"I don't know as I——" began Mr. Speal, desperately.

"Mightn't send 'er a line?" finished Mrs. Riggles, in beaming admiration. "Well, that is a good idea, Mr. Speal—you 'as a 'ead! Of course you could! Nothink heasier. When you gets up street an' sees the posters, you jus' drop 'er a line, sayin' where and when to meet you, an' she'll 'ave it first thing to-morrer. I do call that clever."

"I aint certing as 'ow I meant——" began Mr. Speal once more, growing extremely red in the face, when his remark was interrupted, and the entire company plunged into consternation, by the discovery that Mrs. Riggles was about to weep.

"Lew—Lew—Lew——" she faltered.

"Yes, Merier, me pore soul, what hever is it?" said Mrs. Williams, hurrying to her friend.

"When I thinks 'ow soon I shall lose me Beatris," wailed Mrs. Riggles, bursting into tears. "Oh, Lewcy, Lewcy!"

"My goodness me, harnt," said Beatress. "Don't for 'Eving's sake. Whatever'll Mr. Speal think!"

"I'm not a-thinkin' nothink," said Mr. Speal, hastily.

"An' she the cook she is," sobbed Mrs. Riggles.

"Ah, never do I want to heat hanythink more satisfyin' than the way Beatris cooks," said Mrs. Williams, solemnly.

"An' 'er sewin'," gasped Mrs. Riggles.

"Ah, well may you say so," replied Mrs. Williams. "Tell 'er somethin' to comfort 'er, Mr. Speal. She looks to you. It's dreadful to see 'er like this 'ere."

"I can't think of hanythink," replied the perspiring Mr. Speal.

"There really aint any need to cry, Merier," urged Mrs. Smith, weeping herself. "Hanythink less 'urlin' than Mr. Speal I never see. Perraps you won't lose 'er yet awhile, Merier."

"Yes, there's that," said Mr. Speal, in great relief. "Ten to one you won't lose 'er a long while yet, Mrs. Riggles. I wouldn't cry."

"All I harsks an' prays is that it may be to some sensible man as sees the dangers of marridge an' won't let 'isself be led to it by no designin' females next door but three. Lewcy," sobbed Mrs. Riggles.

"I'm sure we all 'opes so, Merier," said Mrs. Williams. "Bear up, me pore soul. These is things as mus' be took patient."

"I'm a foolish woman, I know," gasped Mrs. Riggles, struggling with her emotion, and smiling feebly at Mr. Speal; "but let us put hall sech weaknesses aside an' speak of 'appier things. I'm better now, Lewcy."

She dried her eyes, amid catches of the breath.

"We shall see you at supper at the park arter the fête, Mr. Speal, I 'ope, if you'll bring Beatris in about height?"

"At the park?" repeated Mr. Speal.

"Yes," said Mrs. Riggles, faintly. "We sups at the park. Me sister's 'ousekeeper there, an' 'er 'usbing's butler. We goes into supper private, with those frien's as we cares to harsk. It's a pleasant way of gettin' a good set-down meal, an' of course, with James butler, hevrythink of the bes'. But perraps you 'as other plans, Mr. Speal?"

"I don't know as I 'as," said Mr. Speal, hastily. "No, I could manidge it, I think. Your sister, did you say, Mrs. Riggles?"

"Me sister," replied Mrs. Riggles, feebly. "Ah! I married a leetle below meself when I took Riggles, Mr. Speal, but love comes first. Me sister; an' a better, kinder sister no woman hever 'ad, as close as a brother, you may say, if not closer. An' that fond of Beatris, 'avin' no daughters of 'er own."

"She was took with 'er 'usbing the other day," said Mr. Speal, thoughtfully.

"An' a beautiful picture you made of it," replied Mrs. Riggles, enthusiastically. "What people they is for bein' took, to be sure! In their bests and outer their bests; in their 'ats an' outer their 'ats! Halways bein' done. I told them they couldn't do better than go to you."

There was a pause.

"I think I mus' be goin'," said Mr. Speal.

He rose slowly. He looked at Beatress.

Whether he saw the set-down meal, or the sister as was always "bein' took," and had no daughters, or the pictures in the studio you couldn't leave at a moment's notice, or merely the blushing, giggling, ruddy, anxious face of Beatress herself, it would be hard to say.

"When I gets up street, and sees for certing what date it is, though fairly sure of its bein' to-morrer, Miss Riggles," he said, "I'll drop you a line."

When the door closed upon him everyone looked at each other and drew a long breath.

"Well," said Mrs. Williams, "of hall the borned geniuses, Merier's the most."

Suddenly an idea struck them all simultaneously. They glanced at each other again, and then sprang to the window with one consent. There was a breathless pause.

"Oh, harnt, harnt!" said Beatress, between tears and happy laughter, "e's passed the Whiteses' door."



THE WILD ROSES.

OF late years wild Roses have been more grown in the English garden, but at one time Rose lovers seemed utterly unaware that the species from which many garden varieties have sprung were in themselves worthy of their attention. As one well-known rosarian told the writer: "They have a freedom and grace of habit which is neither characteristic of the Hybrid Perpetuals, nor of the Teas, and many of them, too, have in their beautiful forms an additional charm in the autumn to which the purely garden races can lay no claim. With regard to the wealth, beauty, and exquisite fragrance of the flowers, the wild Roses are unsurpassed. The commonest objection to them is that they flower but once a year, and for no very long period." This is true, but it is a defect they share in common with the Lilac, the Azalea, and most of our trees and shrubs.

The cultivation of the wild Rose is quite simple. Mr. W. J. Bean, assistant curator of the Royal Gardens, Kew, who knows the wild Rose as well as anyone, says: "Their cultivation is of the simplest kind. They are like the Hybrid Perpetuals in their love for a rich loamy soil—one inclining to a clayey

rather than to a sandy nature. Loving abundant sunlight, they are unsuitable for shady spots. The commonest mistake in their cultivation is in pruning. The notion that they have to be cut back like Hybrid Perpetuals and such-like Roses has often resulted in the loss of a season's flowers, besides destroying for the time the peculiar beauty of habit that many species possess. The shoots—often long, sucker-like growths pushing from the base—that are now in rapid growth are what will supply the flower of the year 1903, and until they have flowered should not be touched with a knife. Whatever pruning is necessary—and it is, as a rule, a mere matter of thinning out of old worn-out stems—is to give the young growths more air and freedom. No shortening back is needed. It may always be remembered that some of the most beautiful specimens of wild Roses in existence, especially those of a rambling mode of growth, have never been pruned at all. The chief thing is always to retain the free, unfettered grace natural to the plants. Pruning will help to do this, but it must be pruning of the proper kind. In the wilder parts of the garden the common Dog Rose (*canina*) and its numerous varieties are worth a place; they flower well, and are always beautiful in fruit. The same may be said of the Sweet Briar (*rubiginosa*), the fragrance of whose young growths is always a delight, whether in garden or hedgerow. *R. hibernica*, a British Rose, thought to be a hybrid between the Scotch Rose and *R. canina*, comes in the same category. It flowers earlier than the Dog Rose. For the wild garden also there are several other Roses that may be mentioned, such as *cinnamomea*, with rosy red flowers and crimson fruit, *nutkana*, *acicularis*, *pisocarpa*, and *californica*. The following are some of the more beautiful species:

Rosa alba.—This is a delicious Rose, and a supposed hybrid between *R. gallica* and the Dog Rose, but Mr. Bean says, "It is always found in places which lead to the belief that it is not truly indigenous, but an escape from cultivated grounds." The flowers of the type are white, and of the varieties the double white is very charming. It is of quick and strong growth, and when in full flower its sweetness fills the air.

R. Alberti.—This is a Turkestan Rose, and was found by the celebrated M. Albert Regel a few years ago. Mr. Bean says: "It is one of the rarest species of *Rosa* in cultivation. It has recently flowered (for the first time in this country as far as I know) with Messrs. Paul and Son of Cheshunt, and is described by them as a beautiful Rose." The flowers are bright yellow.

R. alpina.—This is the parent of the Boursault Roses, and comes from the Alps and Pyrenees. The stems grow to a length of 4ft. to 5ft., and have no spines, except when quite young. It may be known by its bright rose-red flowers, which are followed by showy Pear-shaped and bristly fruits.

R. arvensis.—This is also known as *R. repens*, and gave rise to the popular Ayrshire Roses. It is a trailing and climbing Rose, with long thin shoots and white flowers. It is a Rose to train over tree stumps or rough slates and let grow as its likes. The double varieties are, however, preferable to the single, and show to great advantage when allowed to develop in a half-wild way. The species or type is common in some English hedgerows.

R. carolina.—This is a very charming Rose in certain places. Its stems are erect, and underground rhizomes are sent out freely, until the plant makes quite a thicket of growth, but the flowers are not very good in colour. We dislike purple shading, and this *R. carolina* has, but it has the merit of long flowering, lasting indeed until quite the autumn. It is useful to thin out the shoots occasionally, and to get the true effect it is even necessary to divide them up every four years.

R. ferruginea, also called *R.*

rubrifolia, is a Rose from the Pyrenees and Alps. The young shoots have quite a reddish purple colour, and therefore a group is very bright; the flowers remind one of those of the Dog Rose, but are red.

R. levigata (Cherokee Rose).—This is also known as *R. sinica*, and is a lovely flower, but, unfortunately, it is not hardy everywhere, enjoying only the climate of the south-west counties. No single Rose is so beautiful, a large clear white flower, and the keen rosarian knows that the Rose called *R. sinica* anemone resulted from crossing this species and *R. indica*. *R. sinica* anemone was shown in many groups at the recent shows, and is a delightful flower, large, and a clear, beautiful rose tint. A well-known correspondent to our contemporary the *Garden* recently made some remarks about *R. levigata* in Devonshire. He says: "It is not really hardy, but on the southern coast of Devon it grows rampantly and blooms profusely. One fine specimen planted against the southern side of a house overlooking the entrance to the river Dart has attained a large size, and would doubtless in time cover the whole house front if permitted. It usually begins to bloom early in May, and continues to produce flowers until the end of June. The individual blooms are exquisitely beautiful, the snowy whiteness of the widely-expanded petals being set off by their central circle of golden stamens, while they are of large size, averaging 5in. in diameter, one blossom that I measured being nearly 5½in. across. I believe that 5in. is the diameter assigned to blooms of *R. gigantea*, a species which, as far as I know, has never blossomed in the open in this country; the form of *R. levigata* to which I refer is therefore equally deserving of this pretentious appellation. The plant in question covers a breadth of wall of

30ft., and in one place has attained a height of 25ft. It is planted beneath a narrow verandah, and has covered the wall beneath, as well as the balustrade, with a profusion of vigorous, glossy foliage, in itself an attractive sight, and is now spreading over the wall above. The situation is undoubtedly particularly favourable, since it is entirely sheltered from all winds from the north and east, while the mildness of the climate is proved by the manner in which many half-hardy subjects flourish in the open without protection. *R. levigata*, a native of China and Japan, rejoices in many synonyms, the chief of which are *R. sinica*, under which name it appears in botanical dictionaries, the Cherokee Rose, from having been naturalised in the United States, and the Camellia Rose, by which title it is known on the Riviera. It has also been naturalised in the West Indies and in India, the example of which I write having come from Abbotabad in North-Western India. Having regard to the wide range of countries in which this species is grown, there is doubtless more than one form of it. Certainly the form of the subject of this note leaves little to be desired in size of bloom and prodigality of flower."

R. lucida is a North American Rose, and delightful to mass in the rock or Rose garden. It is one of Miss Jekyll's favourite Roses, and in "Wood and Garden," page 81, is referred to in the following words: "Other small old garden Roses are coming into bloom. One of the most desirable, and very frequent in this district, is *Rosa lucida*, with red stems, highly-polished leaves, and single fragrant flowers of pure rosy pink colour. The leaves turn a brilliant yellow in autumn, and after they have fallen the bushes are still bright with the coloured stems and the large clusters of bright red hips. It is the St. Mark's Rose of Venice, where it is usually in flower on St. Mark's Day, April 25th. The double variety is the old Rose d'Amour, now rare in gardens; its half-expanded bud is perhaps the most daintily beautiful thing that any Rose can show."

R. lutea.—This is the beautiful Austrian Briar. Mr. Bean says: "Of all the wild yellow Roses, this, I think, is the most beautiful and the most useful. The yellow-flowered species do not, as a rule, thrive so well as the others in gardens; one has only to mention such species as *berberifolia*, *sulphurea*, and *xanthina* (or *Ece*) to recall that. But *R. lutea* I find, in strong loam with plenty of lime added, thrives very well at Kew. The copper-coloured varieties are more difficult to deal with in urban districts. The flowers of the typical *R. lutea* are of the richest yellow. When in good health it produces each year long arching shoots, wreathed from end to end with flowers. This species comes from the East."

THE BROOM AND ITS VARIETIES.

We were riding across a heathy Surrey common a few days ago—a common thick with Gorse bushes, deep masses of green, starred over with yellow, and heard the furze-chats among the spiny branches. A warm sun lighted up the golden clouds, and a scene of splendour was spread out, backed with tall Scotch Firs, adding their fragrance to the smell of Gorse and wild flowers. On many a now flowerless garden bank this wilding of common and rough woodland might be planted with happy effect, grouped amongst silver Birch, making a picture for all time, even in winter, when the dark green masses give a welcome note of colour. In the Royal Gardens, Kew, at this time, several varieties are in flower, and one of the most interesting of these is the Moonlight Broom (*Cytisus scoparius* var. *pallidus*, or *Sulphureus* as it is also called); this is by no means new, as Loudon described it sixty years ago. Where Broom does not exist naturally as a woodland shrub, plant it freely, if possible, in the garden, making

the soil suitable if it is not so naturally, as so well stated in the *Garden* recently: "In every garden in localities where the Broom is not plentiful in a wild state there should be masses of it, and if the soil is not suitable, it can be made so with little trouble, for all that the shrub asks for is an open and well-drained soil, and this can be done in the stiffest clays. It does not object very much to a chalky soil if other soil is mixed with it. . . . A point about Broom culture I might mention. People often ask how Brooms are to be pruned when the plants 'get leggy' in a few years. The answer is that nothing can be done to make bushy plants from 'leggy' plants. The better plan is to start afresh with new plants, as leggy plants, if cut hard back to the old wood, do not break afresh in a satisfactory way. The pruning of Brooms must be continually carried out while the plants are still dwarf, and the cutting away of sagging branches must be practised so as to leave vigorous green-barked growth below the cut-away parts. By doing this, shapely bushes may be kept for years." Few varieties of the common Broom exist. One is the beautiful Moonlight Broom, already referred to; another is called *Pendulus*, on account of its drooping shoots; and then there is *Andreasus*, which is now planted almost everywhere, and has brownish crimson and yellow flowers. Get plants on their own roots, as seedlings revert to the type. We have seen frequent instances of this, and the point is touched upon by the writer above referred to, who also says: "André's Broom is remarkable in another way, as it illustrates in a conspicuous way the vagaries of Nature's laws of variation. The common Broom, known for ages, had never, before this variety appeared, been observed to vary in colour-character of its flowers, excepting the pale variety (Moonlight)."



Miss Alice Hughes,

52, Gower Street.

FLORENCE LADY DASHWOOD AND HER SON.

A BEAUTIFUL RHODODENDRON SHOW.

A beautiful display of Rhododendrons may now be seen in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, where Messrs. John Waterer and Sons of Bagshot have a glorious display of all the older and newer varieties, masses of bloom, and making a brilliant picture of red, crimson, white, rose, pink, and other shades. All interested in this shrub should go and see the exhibition.

ROSES AT THE TEMPLE SHOW—MESSRS. WILLIAM PAUL AND SON'S GROUP.

A mistake occurred in the title of one of the illustrations concerning the Temple Show in COUNTRY LIFE of June 7th. The rose group illustrated represented that of Messrs. William Paul and Son of Waltham Cross, not Paul and Son. As our report says, the display made by Messrs. William Paul and Son was extremely beautiful and interesting.

WORK IN THE GARDEN.

Trees and shrubs planted in the spring will need much assistance during the summer, owing to the withering east and north-east winds through April and the greater part of May. It will be wise to mulch well round the stem, that is, the soil over the roots, and watch for insect pests which usually infest enfeebled plants. The truth is that almost everything in the garden will want help, but never give strong doses of artificial or any other manure to plants not yet established. When things are in free growth and some assistance of this character is required, weak liquid manure is as safe as anything. Seedlings must be thinned out. We have many times insisted upon the necessity for this, as without a free, uninterrupted growth an abundance of flowers cannot be hoped for. It is now time to put in Pink "pipings" or

cuttings, and this reminds one of the beauty of the old fringed white Pink, a flattish fringed flower of sweet fragrance without the bulkiness of the Mrs. Sinkins type. In the desire to acquire more recent things the old favourites are likely to be forgotten. Divide Primroses and Polyanthuses.

MIMULUS CUPREUS AND THE LARGER MUSKS.

M. cupreus is one of the most brilliant little flowers in the whole hardy plant world. We have just planted a lot of it in the moist soil by a long tank-like arrangement of stone in the flower garden, and expect bright dabs of scarlet from the dense tufts. All the Musks rejoice in moisture and partial shade, but the latter is of less importance than the former. We know this from the way the common Musk will carpet over the ground on some shady side of a plant house where the sun does not shine hot upon it all day and the soil is moist. The ordinary Musk, with small leaves and flowers, is preferred to the larger and coarser-leaved Harrisoni. Besides M. cupreus and the common Musk, there is a wide choice of colouring in the large or giant Musks, as they sometimes are called—big-flowered varieties splashed and mottled with many shades, but we hope hybridists who have done so much towards extending the range of colour will not get the flowers too big. Excessive size means, as in the case of the Petunia, large flabby petals quite without beauty, and soon destroyed by a storm of rain or wind. These large-flowered Mimulus are also happy in a moist soil, but for planting in the position alluded to M. cupreus and the ordinary Musk are more suitable. A brilliant mass of colouring is possible by planting the Musks in some moist border in half shade. The flowers are sometimes pure self, perhaps brilliant carmine or scarlet, and often gloriously blotched, deep yellow, and many other colourings, while their use for pots is perhaps better known than for the shady garden. All are raised easily, either from seed or by division of the tufts.

FAMILIAR SPRING BUTTERFLIES.

WHEN someone who knows nothing about butterflies essays to describe a specimen which he has just seen, the bad shots which he makes at size, colour, and marking are usually amazing. Sometimes a lady will



ORANGE TIP (UNDER SIDE).

insist upon telling an entomologist, because she "knows that he takes an interest in these things," all about a beautiful butterfly which she would have caught for him if it had not flown over the garden wall; and you will see a hard look of constrained courtesy creeping over the scientist's face as he listens to the details of "bands of silver with crimson spots." Perhaps he will open the drawers of his cabinet and be assured that it was "quite different" from any specimen there—as, indeed, it must be after the description given—though, as his cabinet contains every British species, this might seem surprising if he were not so used to it.

Why is it that people are so absurdly ignorant about the few, the very few, British butterflies which they see in their gardens and in country walks? The fault lies chiefly, I think, with our entomologists, who have taken so little trouble to write for any public but their own little circle of semi-scientists. They seem to take a positive pleasure in using "Latin" names where English ones will do, and they classify their subjects and tabulate their facts until the result is about as entertaining as logarithms or a digest of statute law.

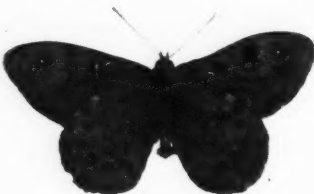
Now there are a certain number of butterflies which everyone sees every year. Even if you live in a town, and never take a holiday into the country, you may see some of them, and a very little attention to this article will save you from writing to the daily papers, as someone is constantly doing, about the "scarlet butterfly, believed to be very rare," which was seen in a compartment of the Underground Railway on the oth instant. This so-called "scarlet" butterfly is always a Small Tortoiseshell, a brilliant person enough, for its upper surface is patchworked with reddish orange and black, though when it closes its wings you can see that the under side is dark and dull, of marbled umber and blackish brown. In your hand you find that it has splashes of yellow, as well as orange and black, on the upper side, and that each wing is embroidered at the edge with sky blue, inside black and grey. The

reason why this butterfly so often rises to the dignity of paragraphs in the newspapers is that it sleeps through the winter as a rule, but is often accidentally awakened, and so appears at unlikely times and in peculiar places for a butterfly. Two other butterflies sometimes share its fame for similar reasons. One is the Red Admiral, easily distinguished from all other British butterflies by its black wings, boldly spotted at the tips with white and barred with crimson-scarlet, and the other is the Peacock, still more unmistakable, with its wings of maroon damask, wonderfully eyed in each corner.

These two butterflies share with the Small Tortoiseshell and a few others the "hibernating" habit, which results in occasional premature appearance in public—though the latter half of April is early enough to look for any of them under natural conditions—and, like the Small Tortoiseshell, they are easily found in the caterpillar stage. In May, July, and August you may see the tops of some nettles blackened by clusters of spiny caterpillars crowded together; these are the Small Tortoiseshell larvæ. Or in June and July you may find similar caterpillars, blackish and spiny, feeding together on the nettles, but inside a web; these will be Peacocks.

Or, lastly, in July and August you may discover similar caterpillars living solitarily inside the curled-up nettle leaves; these are the larvæ of Red Admirals. With these three common hibernating butterflies we may take the Large Tortoiseshell, not because it is very common or conspicuous, but because it can be recognised, when seen, as being very like the Small Tortoiseshell, only larger and duller, with browns and umbers substituted for yellow and orange in its colouring, but it has the same blue embroidery at the edges.

A totally different butterfly, which is almost more striking than any, is the Brimstone. There is no mistaking this butterfly as it goes zigzagging about in the spring sunshine, like a scrap of bright pale yellow paper tossed along by the wind. The female is less active and pale greenish in hue, but the under side of each, when the wings are folded, resembles a hooked and hard-veined leaf. This is due to their habit of spending the winter inside holly bushes, by which they have gradually acquired, for protection, a resemblance to the under side of a holly leaf. They have been awakened from sleep before Christmas in the warm sheds where florists' men are busy making wreaths of holly.



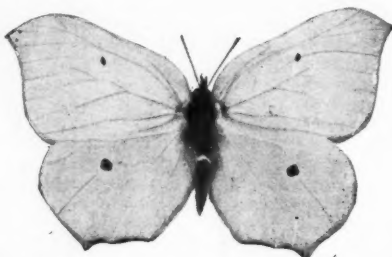
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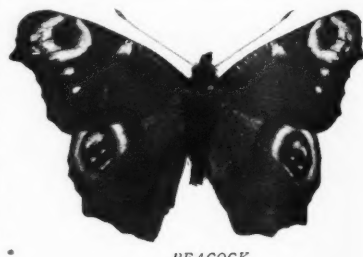
ORANGE TIP (MALE).



PAINTED LADY (UNDER SIDE).



BRIMSTONE.



PEACOCK.

Probably the next common butterfly noticed in spring is one which three times out of four is mistaken for a "common white," but now and then it passes near enough for you to catch sight of a distinct blur of orange mixed with the white of its fluttering wings. This is the Orange Tip, which would be quite the most beautiful of British butterflies if it carried all of its adornment on the same side of its wings. But viewed from above it is only a white butterfly with a broad orange band at the tip of each fore wing, while you must turn it over to see the exquisite mottling of green and white which covers the under side of the under wings. The female, lacking the orange tip on the upper side, can still be distinguished from the "Whites" by this delicate green mottling, which is one of Nature's most successful efforts to combine ornament with utility; for, when the wings of an Orange Tip, male or female, are folded it almost exactly reproduces the colouring of the green and white flowering heads of wild chervil, blooming freely along the hedgerows where the Orange Tips are usually seen.

One of the white butterflies may excusably be mistaken in flight for the female Orange Tip, because it appears at the same time in spring and shows a glint of green upon the under side in flight. This is the Green-veined White; but neither sex has any orange, and if you see it settled, which you easily may do, as it is a sluggish insect, or if you catch it and examine it, you will see that instead of the beautiful green mottling on the under side of the under wings, its greenish markings are arranged in irregular radiating lines like the ribs of a broken fan. On its upper surface also the ribs are faintly marked in lines of powdered dark dots, and the male is said to have the peculiar gift of emitting a perfume like lemon-scented mint.

Like the other common "Whites," the Green-veined White has black tips and one or two black spots on its white wings; but, unlike them, it need not be reckoned as much of an enemy to mankind. It is a creature of the fields rather than the vegetable garden, whereas the others, both the small and the large Cabbage White, are the parents of those pestilent green caterpillars which convert your cabbages into a sort of fine lace-work, and sometimes, by a careless cook, get boiled up with the vegetables. In the caterpillar stage these loathsome persons seem to be "protected," for they feed openly in the light of day, and no birds—except perhaps cuckoos—devour them. They are easily distinguished, because the Small Cabbage caterpillar is green with a thin yellow line, and has a smooth and velvety appearance, while the Large Cabbage has broad yellow stripes on green, and seems broken up into patches of colour by clusters of black dots. The butterflies are easily distinguished, too. For the Large Cabbage is distinctly a large butterfly, while the small is what you would call an "ordinary-sized" butterfly and while the Large has a handsome black tip extending a long way round the edge of the upper wing, like the margin of mourning note-paper, the black tip of the Small is a tip and nothing more. Both can be distinguished from the Green-veined White by the

absence of the green veins on the under side. Although birds do not appear to eat these pests, either as caterpillars or butterflies, the chrysalis of the Small Cabbage would appear to be eatable, for you often find it with a hole pecked in it, and it has the



LARGE TORTOISESHELL.

power, apparently photographic, of making its colour harmonise with its surroundings. This it would not need to do if it were not eatable.

The next butterfly, which everyone who takes country walks in May is almost certain to encounter, is the Wall. This

is a yellowish brown butterfly which haunts sunny, sheltered footpaths, getting up before your feet and flitting a few yards further on before it settles again upon the bank with wings outspread. As your shadow approaches its wings close, and then once more it takes to flight, settling again as before. If you examine one you will see that on a yellowish brown ground it has several wavy dark lines across its wings, with a small eye-spot near the tips of the fore wings, and several smaller eyes on the hind wings. Underneath it is prettily marbled with greys and browns, and has seven or eight eye-spots altogether.

One more butterfly often attracts attention in gardens in spring, and of late years has become quite common in London. This is the Holly Blue, a small blue butterfly which zigzags about the shrubberies, and seems always in a great hurry to go nowhere in particular. If you catch it you will find that its under side is silvery with some black dots. If the purplish blue upper side has only a narrow line of black at the edge it is a male, but if the black is widened out to a mourning border it is a female.

Sometimes in open sunny places you may disturb from the ground a butterfly which will fly at great speed some 20yds. to 50yds. ahead, and then double and come back again, alighting perhaps on the exact spot whence you disturbed it. This manoeuvre it will repeat over and over again; and I have recollections of standing, as a boy, with a butterfly net and "whacking" at the Painted Lady—for such the butterfly is—every time it passed. I cannot recollect whether I or the butterfly used, as a rule, to get tired first; but I know that to catch a Painted Lady in full flight is no easy matter. Yet you may often knock it over with a walking-stick, because it cannot see this coming through the air. In the hand the Painted Lady is seen to be modestly but tastefully tinted with pinkish hues,

blotted with brown and black, and the tips of the fore wings to be decorated with white spots. Underneath it is beautifully marbled with shades of stone grey, olive, and buff, the general result being to produce a perfect imitation of the colour of a stone, and it is in the crevices of rocks or stone walls that the Painted Lady has safely spent the winter. It seems a libel that so modestly and beautifully coloured a butterfly should be called the "Painted Lady," but this—as in the case of the "Painted Lady" carnations—is a corruption of the old-fashioned name of "Dainty Lady," which suits it far better.

This practically concludes the list of butterflies that are likely to be seen in gardens, fields, or lanes before, at any rate, the end of May, and no one ought to have any difficulty in distinguishing them as follows:

Black, with scarlet-crimson band and white spots, *Red Admiral*.

Maroon-damask, with large eye-spots, *Peacock*.

Patchwork of orange, yellow, and black, *Small Tortoiseshell*.

Ditto, but larger and duller, *Large Tortoiseshell*.

White, sometimes with orange tips, and always with exquisite green mottling on the under side, *Orange Tip*.

White, with green veins on the under side, *Green-veined White*.

White, without green veins, and only a small black tip, *Small Cabbage White*.

White, a large butterfly, with black tip extended down margin of wing, *Large Cabbage White*.

Bright pale yellow or greenish yellow, *Bristle*.

Yellowish brown, with wavy dark lines and small eye-spots, *Wall*.

Blue, small, with silvery under side, *Holly Blue*.

Pinkish, blotched with black and spotted with white at tips, *Painted Lady*.

RED ADMIRAL.

E. K. ROBINSON.

* The butterflies used to illustrate this article were lent for the purpose from the collection of Messrs. Watkins and Doncaster, 36, Strand.



COUNTRY HOMES

HATFIELD HOUSE,
HERTS,
THE SEAT OF
The Marquess of Salisbury, K.G.

THAT adroit statesman, the great Lord Burghley, who fills so ample a page in the annals of Tudor times, gave up the leisure of his well-filled life to the beautifying of his fine house at Theobalds. It was a goodly dwelling and a rich, invested with all those charms which were dear to the hearts of the Tudor Englishman, and surrounded by stately gardens very much to the mind of their creator. When James I. came South to take possession of that throne which right and fortune had given him, he found many things that took his fancy, and Theobalds among them. Some say, indeed, that it was Queen Anne who set her affections upon

Lord Burghley's house. Sir Robert Cecil, younger son of the great statesman, who was raised by James to the earldom of Salisbury, had come into possession of Theobalds, and feeling, doubtless, that the wish of the Sovereign was equivalent to a command, he readily accepted the offer that was made to him. It was that he should surrender Theobalds in exchange for Hatfield, which was no mean place, nor in any way undesirable. The astute Secretary—"my little beagle," James called him, the "pigmy," "little man," or elf, as he had been styled—is said by some to have made a very good bargain. It would appear that he received in exchange more than double the value of Theobalds,

and yet had the art to persuade the King and Queen that he had done them a considerable favour. It was in May, 1603, that James became enamoured of Theobalds, and, when the transfer had been made, the building of the new Hatfield began.

Bishop's Hatfield, or Cecil's Hatfield, as the Lord Treasurer would have called it, had been a possession and residence of the Bishops of Ely, but Henry VIII., in a way that was common with him, had converted it to his own uses, and it became a residence of Prince Edward, who, indeed, was living there when news was brought of his father's death. The Earl of Hertford with a train of nobles came to escort him to the metropolis, and thereafter Princess Elizabeth made it her customary abode. She removed to Hatfield Place in 1555, and was placed under the charge of Sir Thomas Pope. There were professors for her education, and she employed herself in playing on the lute or the virginal, in embroidering with gold and silver, or in reading Greek and translating Latin. Sir Thomas Pope was all for blending recreation with serious employment, and at Shrovetide, in 1556, he organised a great masque for her entertainment, with pageants "marvellously furnished," and the play of "Holo phernes." But Queen Mary greatly disliked what she described as "these follies," and so they came to an end. It is stated that Elizabeth, on a dark day in November, was seated beneath an oak—now shorn of its splendour, but still putting forth its green, and of which Queen Victoria is said to have brought away the last acorn—when news was brought to her of Mary's death. The leading men in the country immediately gathered about her, and, with Cecil as her



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THE GRAND STAIRWAY ASCENT.

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principal secretary, she held her first Privy Council at Hatfield, and three days afterwards set out for London with 1,000 gentlemen for her escort.

Lord Salisbury's magnificent house is not that in which Elizabeth dwelt. Some part of the old palace, however, still remains, and is carefully preserved, the central gateway now serving as the strangers' entrance to Hatfield House and park. Robert Cecil, like his father, and like most great men of the time, was a splendid builder. Some say that in his new Hatfield he was his own architect. Others have ascribed the building to the famous John Thorpe, and it is certainly in Thorpe's style, but is not named in the list of his buildings in his book of plans. Sometimes Hatfield has been attributed to John of Padua, but this cannot be correct. Cecil, no doubt, cast regretful looks upon Theobalds. Indeed, he told Sir Robert Lake that he "borrowed one day's retreat from London" for the purpose. But he immediately set out to build the Hatfield which still stands, and in order to do so demolished three sides of the old quadrangle. It has been pointed out that, when Cecil built, Sir Thomas Lucy

embellishments, especially of the staircase, are not surpassed anywhere in England. It is interesting to know that the house was built for what would appear to be a comparatively small sum. From accounts still preserved we learn that the expenditure was £7,631 11s. 3d., and some of the particulars are very interesting, since they throw some light upon the value of fine handicraft at the time. "Item, for cuttinge of 48 stone lyons, which stande in the openworke of masonrye about the house, for 11 tafferils more, for the carving of the pew heads in the chappell, the stone pedestalls in the openworke before the house, the chimney-piece in the upper chappell, and the Corinthian heads which stand on the top of the stayre case, on the northe side of the house, all which comes to £130 14s. 2d."

Before we enter the house, of which descriptive detail must be left to another article, it will be desirable to say something of its external character. Its plan is a parallelogram, 280ft. long by 70ft. wide, on its south or principal front, with two wings, each projecting 100ft. and 80ft. wide, thus forming a hollow quadrangle. At the end of the noble avenue the visitor



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had already erected Charlecote, which presents interesting analogies to Hatfield, that Leicester had added his "lodgings" to Kenilworth, that Sir John Thynne was engaged upon Longleat, and that the Earl of Suffolk was building at Audley End. The work went on energetically, and the impressive majesty of the structure, its lofty grandeur, and the richness of its windows and adornments, and not least of all the fine grouping of its parts, giving rich play of light and shade, place Hatfield among the most notable of all mansions of the time.

The finest of English craftsmen, brick-carvers from Flanders, inlayers and plaster-workers from Florence and Venice, were engaged in the work, while Cecil earned something of the ill-will of his neighbours by enclosing a part of Hatfield Chase. Early in 1610 very substantial progress had been made, and a woodworker named Janivere, from France or Flanders, was engaged upon the wainscoting, chimney-pieces, and other woodwork, which still are chiefest among the internal beauties of Hatfield House. There is noble panelling, and the friezes, mouldings, and strap-work patterns are very rich, while the

enters through admirable iron gates between lofty brick piers, the smaller portals on either side being in a very unusual framework of perforated brickwork, taking the form of quatrefoils. Through these gates the enclosed garden or forecourt is reached, with the magnificent façade of the house in front. The great central block is very noble, and has the character of the Italian Renaissance, freely and richly treated. There is a grand arcade on the ground level, its frontage being divided by fluted pilasters, with arabesque panelling, and the arches closed with perforated screens of stone, whose apertures are filled with glass. These enclose that long corridor known as the armoury, which is adorned by magnificent tapestry and has a grand strapwork ceiling. Upon its walls are fine pieces of sixteenth century armour, and there are armour-clad figures holding cressets on either side.

But to return to the exterior, above the arcade the pilasters run up, and there are beautiful windows, which light the long gallery, while above are gables of Flemish character, behind the perforated cresting. In the midst of this façade is the great porch,

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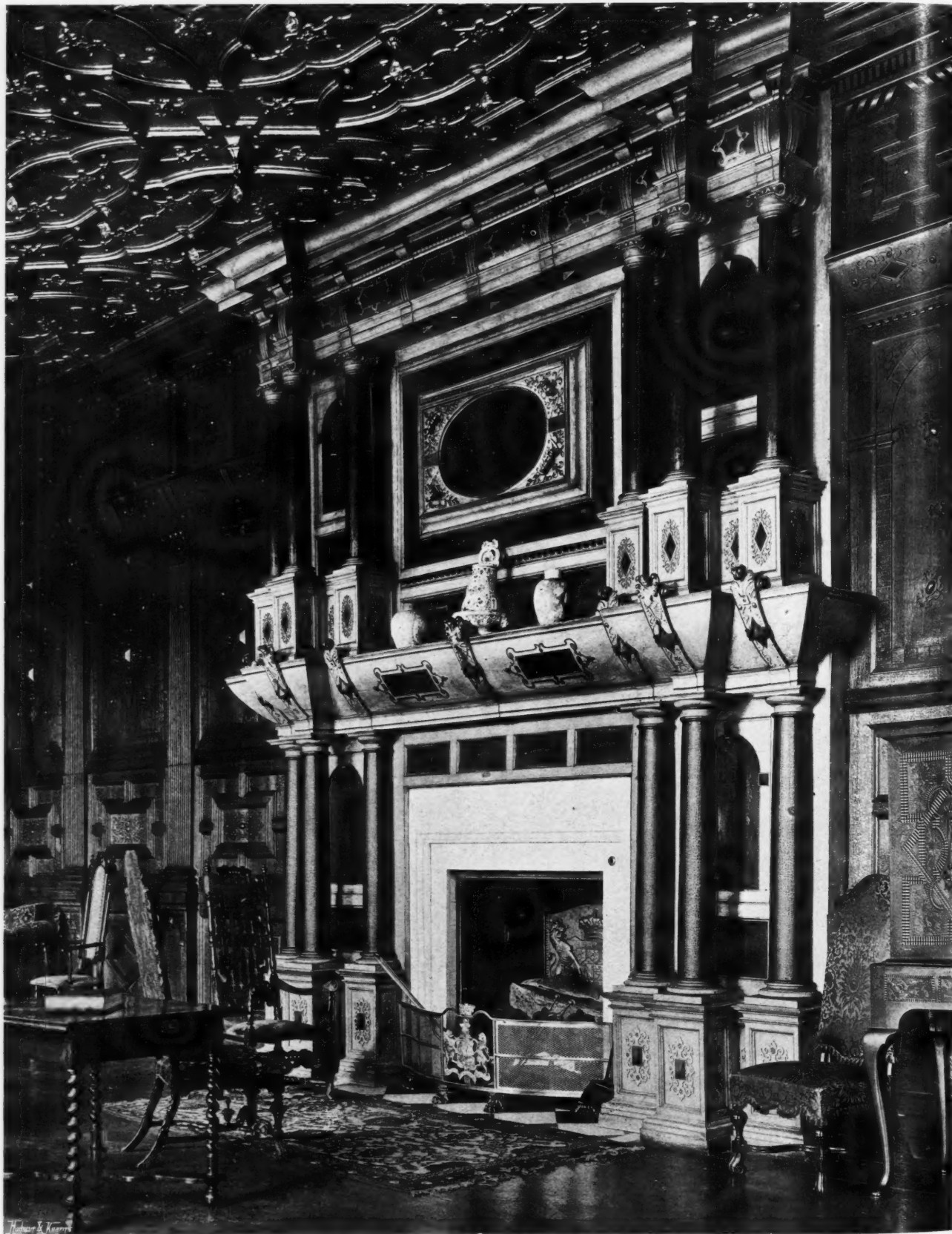
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THE GRAND STAIRWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which has Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars in its three stages, and bears the date 1611, with the Cecil arms. The turrets with cupolas terminating the many-windowed wings of the house have all the Tudor character, and there are glorious bays rising tier after tier which have a noble effect both without and within. The usual entrance to the house is on the north front, which also is

Sir Robert Cecil, Lord Salisbury, built that other might enjoy, and he never dwelt there. Through a long line of his descendants it has come to the present Marquess of Salisbury, and is now in better hands than ever before, being treasured as such a glorious heritage deserves to be. Some misfortunes have befallen it. There was a time, long ago, when it was allowed to



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CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

singularly attractive. It is plainer in character than the south front, and its chief charm is in the fine colour of its brickwork, with stone facings, and in the magnificence of its windows and porch. On every side, indeed, the house has like attractions, and none can gainsay that it is one of the finest of such houses in the land.

fall into some decay, but it has been restored with zealous care and admirable fidelity. A disastrous fire occurred in November, 1835, by which the whole of the west wing, including the chapel, was swept away, and, to add to the misfortune, there perished in the flames the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, widow of James, the first Marquess, at the age of eighty-six.



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE CLOISTERS OR ARMOURY.

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We may now glance at the interior, reserving some further account for the second article. Meanwhile, the pictures of the armoury, the grand staircase, the library, and of the chimney-pieces in the Long Gallery and the summer drawing-room, will suggest what is the richness and splendour in character and plinishings of this magnificent abode. The hall, or, as it is

The magnificence of the staircase, which has five landings, and in area is 35ft. by 20ft., will impress everybody. It would be impossible, indeed, to find more splendid carving of the date and character. The pilasters are enriched by the carver's hand in the Italian style, but in the panelling and the lower work the older English character prevails. Upon every post



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THE SUMMER DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

sometimes called, the great or marble hall, is a truly magnificent apartment, both lofty and spacious, with a fine coffered ceiling, divided into panels, and containing the heads of the Cæsars, and having a glorious array of windows for its illumination. We shall yet illustrate the grand carved screen, and further description of the room shall be deferred.

stands a figure—in some cases a boy playing upon a musical instrument, in others a lion holding a shield. The singular carved wicket-gates near the foot of the stairs, in an excellent design of fleurs-de-lys, are unusual, and their exact purpose is not known, but it has been said that they were intended to prevent the dogs ascending to the upper apartments of the house. Upon

the walls hang portraits of the Cecils, by Zuccherro, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Beechey, and others. The ceilings, too, are extremely fine, and the furniture of the staircase is in excellent keeping with the whole character. The Long Gallery, King James's room, the library, the summer dining-room and drawing-room, and other apartments are not less admirable.

THE COTTAGE AS COUNTRY HOUSE.

I.—WHAT IT IS AND HOW TO LIVE IN IT.

WITH summer coming on, an increasing number of our readers will find, on comparing notes, that a cottage or old-fashioned village house makes a capital headquarters for the thorough enjoyment of outdoor life. The welcome discovery was

probably due in the first instance to boating parties on the Thames. As the river became more popular, these aquatic visitors began to look out for something more than a night's lodging in a river-side inn or hotel. Gradually the occupiers of the better cottages in the villages near began to let rooms. Then the agents of the properties found that there was a demand from outside for the pretty brick-and-timber rose-covered cottages which were being left empty as small farmers, wheelwrights, carpenters, and others deserted the country for the town as a result of agricultural depression. They smartened up the cottages, and let them to "gentlemen from London" to play at country life in. Few people have any idea of the extent to which this has been done. In one pretty village in the Upper Thames Valley last year I found one cottage occupied by a well-known actress and her husband who came down there from Saturday till Monday, a County Court judge and his two boys in another, a London doctor in a third, a Winchester boy and his mother in a fourth, an architect in a fifth, an eminent London solicitor, his wife, and two small children in another, and various other visitors who had cottages, boats, and bicycles of their own. All, especially the ladies, seemed extremely happy, and when they met on the river or elsewhere freely admitted that they had seldom been more so. Mr. Lecky's remarks about the independence and freedom which the bicycle and modern organisation have given us by making life more simple seemed carried out in the concrete form.

The benefit which they all derived from the experiment was mainly due to the impulse it gave to outdoor life; what

with boating and bicycling, fishing, shooting, or driving, they were out in the air all day, and were well and soundly tired after dinner. "Lights out" by ten o'clock seemed the rule. But a great deal of the unqualified pleasure enjoyed came from the unexpected sense of independence, and the discovery of how many things even those who have had a large share of the best things of this life can do without. Fewer servants, less time in thinking, fewer orders to give, fewer rooms, life infinitely less complex, pleasures more natural—enormously enhanced by better health—were among the many advantages. Much surprise was caused by the discovery of how good was the available material of food. Catering for the house was found to be unexpectedly easy, and the quality was undeniable.

But before going into the question of how to live in a cottage, perhaps it may be asked what is a cottage, and how does it differ from a house? Definitions of this kind ought to be readily forthcoming; but often they are more prompt than precise. One on the lines of the definition of a gentleman as someone who keeps a gig would hardly satisfy in this case. A mansion has been defined as a house with two staircases. If we take staircases as the differentia between various calibres of dwellings we



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COTTAGE AT SELWORTHY.

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shall be not so far wrong. It is in the size of staircases and landings and halls and entrances that much of the "pride of circumstances" about houses centres. The cottage is not the humblest of all permanent abodes in the country, but has several ranks of house below it, all differentiated in the same way. There is the "cabin," for instance, whether it be Irish or Canadian, which has no staircase or entrance passage, but only a ground floor; and the "hut," which not only has no staircase, but only one room.

In all real cottages the staircase ascends out of the main room, and so economises three sources of waste. It saves a passage or entrance, it saves the heating which the passage would make necessary, and it saves rent, because the builder has not to use so much material.

The big sitting-room with a stair going up from it to the bedroom above is the mark of the genuine cottage. But there are all sizes of ready-made cottages, up to the old-fashioned farmhouse—misnamed a cottage—which was built to hold several farm hands as well as the farmer and his family, in days when the men who worked on the land lived in the house. These make some of the very best country *pied à terre*. They have always at least one large sitting-room and an ample kitchen, and probably five bedrooms, of which one is quite large. It has been my lot during the last five years to try various kinds of country domicile for the same purpose, namely, to make the headquarters from which to shoot. This meant being down sometimes for several weeks at a time, and in all weathers, from the end of August, through part of September, to



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ANCIENT TIMBERED HOUSE, GOUDHURST.

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the latter weeks of January. In that time I tried, by way of experiment, river-side hotels, village inns, a house—rather a large one—and a cottage. The cottage was the only thoroughly successful domicile, and greatly beloved not only by the writer, but by the critical though limited circle of his fireside. It was not the smallest kind of cottage, but a very representative one. Its main sitting-room was large and very low—therefore easily aired and easily warmed. The front door opened directly into it up some steps, from a narrow garden with old elm trees fronting the road. The fireplace was in a large old chimney corner, and the fire, which always burnt well and bright, was on a kind of low platform, with bars below, meant for burning wood upon. On each side was a real chimney corner, large enough to sit in on a cold night. There was a window at the front, and another at the back, long and low, and a profusion of doors—which, it must be admitted, caused draughts; but these were soon blocked out with sand-bags. One door closed the staircase, another opened into the kitchen. One led into the back garden, another into a small side room, another into a big cool upstairs cellar, or larder, which might have been a dairy. There was a well-cultivated garden, a well-built house for wood and coals, another for bicycles and stores in the garden, and two good large double bedrooms above and one in an annexe. Everything in the cottage was beautifully neat and shining. I think I never saw dimity curtains before, though they appear regularly in old-fashioned books. The thatch was thick, and there were any number of birds in the old apple trees in the orchard opposite. The river was not 50yds. away, there



F. Frith & Co. **LARGER THAN A COTTAGE, KETTLEBROOK.** Copyright

was a capital Co-operative Store, where necessary—fruit, mineral waters, lettuces,

anything really tomatoes, cake, biscuits, ham, bacon, chickens, vegetables, paper or preserves—could be bought, and two good dogcarts were for hire close by. A boat was reserved on the river, and a punt if needed. A post and telegraph office five minutes away, and the station a mile off, two postal deliveries a day, and the war news placarded up by a thoughtful Government on Sundays, completed our touch with the outer world. The butcher called



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TILED COTTAGES AT PEBWORTH. Copyright

every other day; so did a most entertaining fish-dealer with a cart (part of the fun of catering in the cottage is that most of the people drive up in carts and display their wares). That excellent invention "desiccated soup" supplied a basis for soup when wanted, the big wood near yielded abundance of flowers and wild strawberries, and, later, the most lovely and decorative berries for the table; and for a change of menu there was the amusement of shooting our own game. No one ever discovers what an amusement this is until he has tried it. The birds marked in the game list as "various" come in as part of the week's supplies, and the shooter receives commendation for his success in getting "something new."

There is also a good deal of interest attaching to the contact which this kind of life induces with the different people in the village. It is much more convenient to get your "things" from and have odd jobs done by the local workers and providers. These are almost invariably nice people, whatever their trade, well worth talking to, and most willing to be serviceable and polite.

(To be continued.)



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RAW MATERIAL, KENNINGTON. Copyright

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

BETTER SITES FOR SECOND NESTS.

FOR their second nests, our common garden birds—thrushes, blackbirds, robins, and hedge-sparrows—have, as usual, enjoyed a much larger choice of good sites than when they first gave hostages to fortune, in March or early April. Then the trees and hedges were so bare that there was competition for every ivied stump; and those who could not get a stump with ivy had to make the best of a stump without, and many a thrush's nest stared at you from absurdly conspicuous positions. Now, however, every square yard of shrubbery offers perfect cover for a hedge-sparrow's cunningly-placed nest; the robin has no need to build in old flower-pots and saucers, because every bank is a tangle of concealing greenery; while thrushes and blackbirds are not forced to look for ivied stumps, since the very ivy is now hard to see behind the matted wealth of fresh summer's growth. So, while in early spring you could hardly help finding every nest that the garden contains, now, although nests may be twice as numerous, you only find them by accident.

BIRDS'-NESTING BY ACCIDENT.

Retrieving a croquet ball which had miraculously found that four-inch gap in the wire-netting round the lawn—croquet balls have a positive genius for finding gaps—you discover that it narrowly missed an unsuspected robin's nest. You stoop to lift a columbine that has fallen by sheer weight of bloom, and a hedge-sparrow flies in your face off its nest in a spreading clump of pampas grass. The thrush provides you with even more frequent surprises. True to the instinct which makes her choose the ivied stump in early spring, she still seeks a firm backing for her solid nest. You can often lift a thrush's nest from its place and put it back, hardly disturbing a single fibre, because it is usually built merely to fill its niche as an acorn fits its cup. So in leafy June the thrush still seeks substantial supports for its nest, and the forked branches of fruit trees trained against a wall become its favourite sites. In counting your prospective peaches you almost poke your nose into one thrush's nest, and when you indicate to the gardener a wall currant bush which ought to have been netted, the wave of your hand scares off another sitting thrush. It almost seems as if you threw the bird at the gardener to emphasise your remark.

WHERE BLACKBIRDS BUILD.

The blackbird is more of a gipsy. He uses the garden in spring, because the hedges are bare; but he deserts the garden in the summer, because the hedges are green. His ideal nesting-site, is the centre of a thorny tangle where no enemy can penetrate; though before the thorns had leaves he was catholic in his choice. Besides half-a-dozen nests in the garden evergreens, there were as many as four in fifty yards of the bank of the trout-stream, built into niches of the rank turf. Correspondents of various papers yearly write to record the discovery of blackbirds' nests upon the ground; but I cannot recollect a year in which their nests have not been common on the ground. Other characteristic sites which our blackbirds have selected this year have been a niche in the stone wall of a saw-pit, three feet underground, and a dark recess in a hollow tree, where the sitting bird narrowly escaped being killed for a rat by an enterprising terrier.

TIP-TILTED BEAKS AND TAILS.

When you discover a thrush upon her nest, what strikes you most is the seemingly absurd angle at which her beak is tilted upwards, giving her the aspect of a frog. But, if you look, you will see that her tail is tilted upwards at a similar angle, almost perpendicularly; and the meaning of it evidently is that the bird should not be visible to ground vermin below. Everyone who has done much bird's-nesting must remember scores of cases in which the nest was betrayed by the beak and tail of the sitting bird projecting beyond it on either side. This, of course, is only in the case of nests which you discover from below, and no doubt birds which build more than six feet from the ground have little need to consider ground vermin. Yet Nature is evidently so well aware of the tell-tale character of long bills and tails that she has taught all long-billed birds to build on the ground or in holes, and all long-tailed birds to build covered nests, like the magpie and long-tailed tit—each of them being species which differ from their near relatives in this habit and in length of tail.

PROTECTIVE COLOURING.

Another protective device of Nature is the similarity of colouring in the young and the female for the purpose of concealment in the nest. The male blackbird, for instance, with his orange bill and sooty plumage, runs large risks; whereas the dull and sober brown of the female and the young harmonises with the shade in which the nest is usually placed. The only ornamentation which Nature allows them is the lighter, ruddy hue of the throat, and even this is a concealment rather than otherwise, for it relieves the dark shadow which would fall upon the underside of the bird's head and neck. This, I think, is the explanation of the fact that in almost all birds, except those which build in holes, the throat and the parts under the tail are the lightest in colour. These are the parts which protrude above the rim of the nest; and the light colour counter-balances the shadow which falls upon them, so that they are almost invisible.

PROSPERITY AND FINE CLOTHES.

In the skylark an interesting departure occurs from the rule that the young of birds which build in open nests are, for purposes of protection, more doddily coloured than their fathers. Although, by the way, we may state the rule in this way, it does not mean that this protective doddiness has been acquired by the young, but rather that it has been retained by them, while sexual selection has improved the appearance of the adult male birds, who can afford to run the extra risk involved in gay attire, because they are not obliged to spend dangerous weeks in an open nest. In proportion, too, as the male birds of any kind have been able to decorate themselves with striking plumage has been, we may take it, their success in the past in evading birds and beasts of prey. Thus with birds, as with human beings, fine clothes indicate prosperity; while, when we see a bird which wears more sober plumage than its ancestors, we recognise one who has fallen upon hard times—for to birds the dominance of the hawk represents the worst form of adversity. As we say of grinding poverty that "the wolf is at the door," so, changing the metaphor from beast to bird life, we might speak of the hawk on the roof tree.

THE SKYLARK'S HARD TIMES.

Now the skylark, in spite of the apparent joyousness of its song, is a bird which has for ages been playing a losing game. We see this in the plumage of the nestling, which is brighter and more variegated than that of his father,

because the colouring of the young always resembles that which the ancestors of his race used to wear, while the usually brighter hues of the adult bird, especially the male, show the high-water mark of modern fashion to which the race has risen. The lark, however, is one of those birds which has gone down in colour instead of rising, and from this we may gather that in speed and cleverness in catching their quarry birds of prey have greatly improved since the skylarks first took to haunting open spaces; and that this was very long ago we can see from the long hind-toe which now unfits them for the life that they originally led as perching birds. That the hawk hangs like a shadow over the whole life of the skylark we can see, too, from their quickness to take alarm from each other or other birds, the horizon becoming clouded with fleeing larks, while yet the hawk is fields away. That they live in dread of nocturnal prowlers, too, is evident from the way in which you put them up in crossing a waste even at midnight, and even then they will go off singing into the sky!

THE WARNING BLACKBIRD.

The blackbird, always skulking near bushes and diving into them at the alarm of a hawk, has evidently chosen a safer role in this respect, for he has been able to decorate himself with a fine contrast of jet black and golden-orange. This is partly due, no doubt, to the readiness with which he gives and takes alarm. Indeed, with his chattering outcry, the blackbird renders public service to such wild life in general as holds rabbits or beasts of prey in dread. The human poacher knows and hates him too, while even the legitimate sportsman has sometimes reason to wish him in the next parish. You may take up your position at a corner of the warren to wait for rabbits, but if a blackbird chooses to resent your presence you may wait in vain. E. K. R.

LAST YEAR'S . . . AGRICULTURE.

MAJOR CRAIGIE'S complete agricultural returns are always of great interest, and those for 1901 perhaps more so than any recently issued. It is not so much that they contain points of novelty, but the figures point like an unerring finger to the changes that are occurring in husbandry. They may be very briefly considered under three separate headings—viz., the decreasing wheat area, live stock, and imports. Major Craigie has a little table to show that, whereas 59 per cent. of the land in Great Britain was arable in 1871, the proportion had fallen to 49 per cent. in 1901. Much of this is due to the withdrawal of land for wheat cultivation. The diminution last year amounted to 144,000 acres, or about 8 per cent. of the area under wheat in Great Britain. On the other hand, potatoes are a growing crop, and last year more land was devoted to them than had been done since 1889. The largest addition occurred in Lincolnshire, Cambridge, the West Riding, and Norfolk. These are not districts adjacent to large towns, and the increase, therefore, seems to be a genuine farm increase and not a market gardening one. We have grown accustomed to these movements in arable cultivation, but the most disappointing feature of the report is that it shows a general diminution of live stock, and therefore, in Major Craigie's words, "to that extent a decrease of farmer's capital." A solitary exception is found in "horses used solely for agriculture and mares kept for breeding." Now this is very curious. In towns it might be expected that the use of motor-cars, or, what counts still more, the adoption by many large corporations of steam or electric power for tramcars would have diminished the demand, while on the farm itself the turning of land down to grass reduces the need of cart and plough. The explanation appears to lie in the increasing number of those who have taken to breed Shire and other cart horses, and it is confirmed by an increase in the number of unbroken horses under one year. More foals mean more mares. That the number of cattle has seriously diminished can only be regarded as a great misfortune. It is the first check recorded since 1894, and says Major Craigie: "It unfortunately includes a further decline in the number of cows and heifers beyond that which was made the subject of special comment in last year's report." Again, "The actual reduction of the horned stock of the country is represented by the smaller total of milch cows, heifers, and calves in nearly every part of the country." We are afraid that this is the most damning censure that could be passed on the many recent attempts to revive the dairy industry in England. A loss in grazing cattle might partly have been accounted for by the dryness of several seasons before 1901 and a consequent scarcity of food, but this ought not to have any special effect on the stock kept for milk and butter. Mr. Hanbury, who has taken this part of the farming industry under his particular care, will have much food for reflection in these facts. No lecturing, no system of teaching dairy work, can be worth the money spent, unless it has the effect of inducing a greater number of people to go in for cow keeping. Another matter for regret is "that a distinct reduction of numbers occurred among the breeding stock" of sheep. In two years the ewe flocks have diminished by 300,000. Pigs, again, showed a decrease of 202,000, or 8½ per cent. in Great Britain. A Cheshire collector offers an explanation that probably applies far beyond the particular county, when he says: "Farmers are giving up cheese and butter-making, and sending their milk to Manchester and Liverpool or to dairy factories. The whey produced in cheese-making was an

important part of the dairy feed." As a matter of fact, pig-breeding is not very well understood in this country, except from a show-yard point of view. Farmers appear to be unable to produce ham and bacon at a price that gives them a fair chance in the market. We cannot, however, believe this to be the last word on the question, although it is much too large and important for us to enter upon its discussion here. But it is certainly a very ominous fact that, while the prices of butcher's meat show a continued tendency to rise, the number of livestock on the farms displays as decided an inclination to decrease. Of course, the result may be caused by dismay at the formidable importation of dead meat. Since 1893 till last year the total quantity had risen from 465,000 tons to 919,000 tons, a rate of increase far in excess of that of the population, since it means that, whereas in 1893 it averaged 27lb. a head, in

1901 it was 49½lb. Of this huge quantity the lion's share still comes from the United States, which sent us 524,000 tons last year, Argentina following with 108,000 tons, Denmark with 63,000, and Holland with 50,000. The total shipments from our Colonies, however, fell from 179,000 to 163,000 tons, thanks probably to the drought in Australia. In dairy imports the remarkable feature of the year was the rapid extension of the Russian trade, from 10,500 to 18,900 tons, a total very little below that of Australasia. Canada and the United States have thus recovered the ground lost in the preceding twelve months. The survey taken all round is not to be described as an encouraging one for British farmers; yet the facts ought to be looked very frankly in the face, as they prove beyond dispute that no worthy attempt has yet been made to put our minor farming industries on a satisfactory footing.

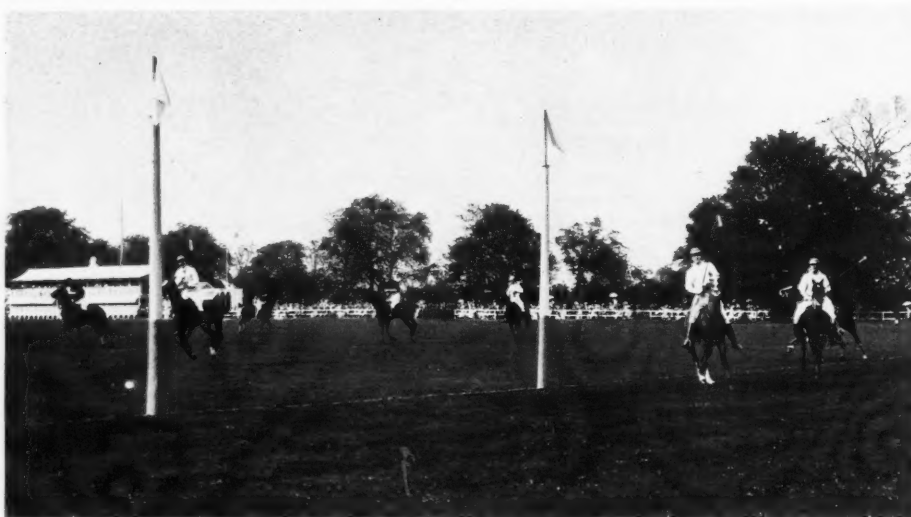
POLO: ENGLAND v. AMERICA.

THE weather which has twice caused the postponement of the third match England v. America, kept up its hostility to the last. There was a great and brilliant crowd at Hurlingham. When the teams were ranged up we saw that there were changes in their constitution and in the order of the play:

America: Mr. Agassiz, Mr. M. Waterbury, Mr. Foxhall Keene, Mr. L. Waterbury. England: Mr. Cecil Nickalls, Mr. George Miller, Mr. P. W. Nickalls, Mr. W. S. Buckmaster. Umpires:

Mr. Eusis and Captain Gordon Renton. Referee: Captain D. St. George Daly.

Mr. Cowdin has returned to America on business. I give the order of the American team as it was given to me at the start, but I may warn polo-playing readers that the American captain appeared to shift his men several times into different places in the course of the game. Thus, for example, Mr. Agassiz, Mr. Keene, and Mr. L. Waterbury all played back. This is surely bad policy. The men should be arranged at the beginning of a match and kept in their places for better or worse. Mr. F. Freake was laid up with influenza, and the committee restored Mr. P. Nickalls. He fitted in admirably with Mr. Buckmaster, and whenever these two are combined the team in which they are will always be a strong one. Mr. George Miller was not looking well, and he tired a little, yet he played with splendid pluck and resolution, and it ought clearly to be understood, in justice to him, that he was on Saturday, as on Monday week, one of the main causes of England's victory.



W. A. Rouch.

JUST MISSED THE AMERICAN GOAL.

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A better captain since Mr. John Watson retired from first-class polo I have never seen.

The selection committee, realising that good leading is a most important matter in a match when the team is a scratch one, having had practically no combined practice, had Captain E. D. Miller in reserve in case of accidents. The English had not, and could not have, any combination in the true sense of the word—Mr. G. A. Miller was their combination. As soon as the ball was in play the home team at once displayed the great superiority of their ponies. This

is, indeed, the chief lesson of the match. English and American are equal in some things, and in others each have their strong points. But, with the pick of the American ponies over here, their inferiority to the best English was marked. The pace was good from the first, and the ball travelled well. The American combination was, save in the third period, most excellent, and their passing and backing-up were better than ours. But then they have had plenty of practice together, and are a team, which our men have had no chance of becoming. There was some brilliant and exciting play. As the Americans, playing well together, fairly swept the ball to the stables goal, and the Englishmen brought it back, we realised that our champion player was himself again, for Mr. Buckmaster has been hindered by his health. But when we saw him as usual, free from the interference of any opponent (what does he do with them?), sail out and hit a beautiful back-hander with the old stroke, we knew he was himself again. It was a fast game, and much depended on it, yet Mr. Buckmaster was never in



W. A. Rouch.

ENGLAND'S SECOND GOAL.

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a hurry (seemingly he cantered most of the time). Yet when his stroke was needed it always fell on the right spot, and the ball obeyed his directing stick in a way which is very wonderful on so rough a ground. Then as he stopped the onward course of the ball and his side wheeled round, we realised the immense advantage of Mr. George Miller's gift of making his ponies do their very best in a game. We saw him gallop out. Mr. Cecil Nickalls, obedient to his captain's shout of "Ride him," fairly swept Mr. Waterbury out of the way, the ball rolled over the American's goal line by the Chestnuts, and the umpire's whistle blew. It was Mr. Eustis who blew, and he considered that it was a case of off-side. The referee agreed with Captain Renton that there was no off-side, and the matter turned on the question whether the whistle blew before the ball crossed the line or after.

But the Americans were in no way disconcerted by this reverse. Indeed, they played a splendid game. Their ponies were still fresh, and it was not long before, by sheer force of combination, they drove the ball down to the Chestnuts goal, which the English were now defending. There was a short scrum, and the enthusiastic American yell told that the scores were equal. Most steadily, resolutely, and at times brilliantly, did both sides play in the second ten minutes. Particularly I noticed Mr. Foxhall Keene, who certainly played up to Mr. John Watson's appreciation of him as the best of the American team. Indeed, it was impossible to help seeing him, for he was hitting the ball to his forwards, supporting his back, and leading repeated attacks on the English goal. The home team were engaged in defending their goal, and there were some narrow escapes. But with the bell which rang while the Americans were still pressing, a change came over the game. In this third period the English were better and the Americans less good than at any period of the game. Mr. Cecil Nickalls, who had been a trifle wild, steadied down. Mr. Miller made his great effort, and then Mr. Buckmaster sailed through and hit long shots for the goal. One was lucky, but not a fluke, for it was, as all might see, a deliberate and skilful attempt to score. Rapidly the English score mounted, and in the course of this ten minutes Mr. George



W. A. Rouch.

MR. FOXHALL KEENE CUTTING IN.

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Miller showed us some beautiful polo. Mr. Cecil Nickalls had brought the ball away from a threatening attack on his goal. The course was across the ground as far as the Royal stand. As the ball touched the boards, "Leave it," said Mr. G. A. Miller, who saw his chance. Down the boards went Mr. Nickalls and was again in his place in front. Then with a neat stroke (or, was it two?) Mr. Miller lifted the ball over to his left front, reached it before the Americans quite realised where it was, hit it twice, placed it for Mr. Cecil Nickalls (who was hitting goals with unusual steadiness), and it was a score. Thus at half-time England was four to one.

If there were no accidents, England, as the teams were playing, was bound to win. The fourth period was even play, with one more score to the English team. In the fifth and sixth periods the Americans had a most undoubted advantage, but their defence was never so strong as I have seen it, and the force of the attacks came from Mr. Keene and Mr. L. Waterbury.

The English team tired a little, all save Mr. Buckmaster. Mr. Miller, however, came again in the last ten, and, making a great run, scored the last and seventh goal for England. No praise can be too great for the pluck with which the Challengers played a losing game. They have no reason to feel discouraged, and I shall never feel surprised if some day the duo returns across the Atlantic. Report says Mr. George Gould and his sons are already thinking about trying for it. X.

BOOKS OF . . . THE DAY.

WHEN the series of magnificent samples of Central African scenery on the Uganda Railway were reproduced in COUNTRY

LIFE at no great distance of time, it was explained for the benefit of those who have not yet quite realised what our new and splendid Central African provinces are that the railway is not in Uganda at all. It is a line made through the East African province to Uganda, or rather to the east shore of the immense inland sea, on the other side of which lies the land of clothed and almost civilised blacks, first visited by Captain Speke, which is known as Uganda.

To this are now added five other great regions under British control, regions in the heart of Africa, at the head-waters of the Nile, and more wonderful for purely natural differences than any other region on earth, still partly unexplored by white men, and the probable home of the last undiscovered animals surviving on the planet.

It is this land of wonder and mystery which Sir Harry Johnston describes and illustrates in *The Uganda Protectorate* (Hutchinson and Co.). It is in two volumes, on heavy glazed paper, with a number of coloured plates, some valuable as giving a notion of the colouration of the huge mountains, strange flowers



W. A. Rouch.

A RUN DOWN THE BOARDS

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MR. M. WATERBURY FAILS TO SAVE.

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and birds, and the lake scenery. Others are rather unnecessary, such as illustrations of well-known birds like Baleleur's eagle, or flamingos. But the black and white work is of extraordinary interest. Sir Harry Johnston is by inclination an anthropologist first, and a naturalist and explorer afterwards. That he is an admirable organiser in native territories everyone knows. But in regard to the precedence of taste indicated above, we may note that the second volume, dealing mainly with the people, is even more interesting than the first, which treats mainly of the land and the animals and plants. It is full of the most interesting and striking documents dealing with the history of man yet collected in one volume, and one rises from its perusal doubtful, or perhaps it should be said less complacently assured, about the blessings of civilisation, when these are interpreted into powers for greater complexity and pressure in life. Here are men so different in appearance, habits, and physique that they hardly seem like the same species. Yet all are happy, many are what we should call good; they have worked out their own mode of life and are contented with it, and among most there exist the courtesies, if not the elegancies, of life. Sir Harry Johnston mentions that among the most highly civilised tribes, if it is known that a traveller is on the way, he will find, on the top of the steepest bit of road, where he may expect to be tired, a tea-table and tea-things set out for him, seats, presents of food for his men, and attentive servants waiting for his convenience. The god-like Phœnicians of Homer could not be more courteous. But he does not mention that the same kind of courtesy is almost universal in unspoiled Central Africa, where the English traveller will be politely entertained by the village fire any evening, treated with distinction, and at the same time never intruded upon. Good manners are almost universal.

The following is the author's summary about the land and the people: "It contains, within an area of 150,000 square miles, nearly all the wonders, most of the extremes, the most signal beauties, and some of the horrors, of the Dark Continent. Portions of the surface are endowed with the healthiest climate to be found anywhere in tropical Africa, yet there are also some districts of extreme insalubrity. The Uganda Protectorate offers to the naturalist the most remarkable known forms amongst the African mammals, birds, fish, butterflies, and earthworms, one of which is as large as a snake and coloured a brilliant blue. There are tropical forests . . . and vast regions of conifers. There are other regions as hideously desert as the worst part of the Sahara. There is the largest continuous area of marsh to be found in Africa." Add to this that there is the largest lake, the highest mountain (probably), and a range of snow peaks under the Equator like the Alps seen from the plains of Italy, only larger, and some idea of what we own in Uganda may be gathered. We might add that Sir Harry, like Mr. Moore, and persons in this country who have seen the photographs, all make the same remark, that the landscape is extraordinarily like Martin's pictures of the "Plains of Heaven." We wish that that "extreme insalubrity" were not lurking in places in this celestial landscape. The access to it is by the railway from Mombasa, through British East Africa, where first-class carriages, refreshment-rooms, and every comfort may be had for moderate prices. It is to be hoped that the Government may adopt Sir Harry's suggestion that this province and Uganda may be united under one administration. To have the public road and the gate under one set of managers and the estate under another is clearly bad policy.

The proper study of mankind being man, according to high authority we may follow the author in brief in his intimate description of the various "men" of the central region. His acquaintance with the forest pygmies is extensive and peculiar. A German, on business intent, treacherously caught twenty-six of these little people, and was on the way to the coast with them when he was detained, and the survivors, after spending some time in Sir Harry Johnston's camp, were by him restored to their forest home. Thereafter all the pygmies looked on him as a father, and not only were perfectly familiar, but placed their information about the forests, which was valuable, at his disposal. We cannot agree with the author that man emerged from the ape stage somewhere in Uganda, if he bases the theory on the evidence of the pygmies' appearance. Some are not bad-looking. They are also very fond of music, many of them hunters and archers. Their dances are "full of variety," and their attitudes as "stagey" as those in a London music-hall. There are full-sized forest negroes, too, and these little dwarfs live near them, and are looked upon by them rather as grown-up people regard clever children. The dwarfs usually have a friend or two among the big negroes, and if these go into the forests and shout for them the pygmies will come out. The full-grown forest negroes are agricultural. The pygmies are not; but it was noted in Captain Hinde's book on "The Fall of the Congo Arabs" that the pygmies were paid as professional hunters by some tribes. When the dwarfs live near a more "swell" civilised tribe they indulge their taste for music by borrowing the more elaborate instruments possessed by them, which they bang and "strum" with great

satisfaction. The author is much struck by their "vivacity of intelligence, mental adroitness, and almost fairy-like deftness when dwelling with Europeans. No one can fail to be struck with the mental superiority which they exhibit in these circumstances over the big black agricultural negro." Yet the latter is often fairly civilised when in his own home, while the dwarfs live like birds or squirrels. Those in the Semliki Forest have a good idea of drawing, yet they go absolutely naked, and do not even paint or scar themselves, except the Congo pygmies, who have picked up certain ideas from their neighbours, probably, whose language all pygmies borrow. The other races, full-sized negroes all, strike us as extraordinarily different in type. There are the many Bantu tribes, some good-looking, most hideous. The Bahima are fine-looking fellows, and so are some of the civilised and clever negroes of Uganda proper. The Kavirondo also seem an attractive pleasant set. They are found on the north-east and east of Lake Victoria, round Mount Elgon, and in other parts accessible from the rail-head. Consequently their personality has an interest for Englishmen intending to go up the line to the lake. Some are ugly and low types, but many, both men and women, are well built, with good figures and proportions. All are nearly naked, and the unmarried women quite so, but all are quite well behaved. Sometimes they wear mud or clay stockings, on which they work patterns with sticks. They also make enormous hats, which they wear with nothing else. The following may be useful to the designers of new modes, and we give it in full. For a Kavirondo hat, take a foundation of basket work, about 3ft. wide, fill and plaster this with clay, variegated by stripes and patterns in black mud. Stick into the top of this as many cocks' tails and ostrich feathers as it will hold, up to a height of 3ft., supporting the centre of the bouquet of feathers with a stick stuck in the mud foundation. It is rather amusing that the Uganda people, who are quite civilised, are divided into several Christian creeds who dislike one another cordially, and are scrupulously clothed, make all these wild negroes wear some sort of clothing when they come to trade or into contact with them in any way, and are longing to put them into trousers.

The book contains full accounts of the okapi, the five-horned, or rather "horn-stumped," giraffe, and other creatures of the forest and plain, but these have been fully described previously by Sir Harry Johnston, so we need not quote. But quite a new feature to most readers is the abundance of new and lovely flowers discovered. One of these, an exquisite common scarlet flower, is produced by a tree—the Erythrina. The tree becomes one mass of scarlet, the flowers being something like a sea anemone. It is hoped to cultivate this tree in England. Coloured reproductions of its gorgeous flowers form the inner lining of the covers of the book. Immense lobelias and whole fields set with red-hot poker at almost regular intervals adorn the higher plateaus and mountain-sides. The bird life too is amazing. We are told that a million flamingos must breed on one of the minor lakes alone. The tables of botany, zoology, geology, anthropology, and every other ology wanted for information about a new and strange region, are of course quite incomplete. But such as they are, they are evidence of the energy and intelligent curiosity of the many capable and educated Europeans who have united in putting their hardly-acquired knowledge at the disposal of the author for incorporation in the book. It is a compendium of what is at present known on the subject of the Protectorate, rather clumsy in form, but quite splendidly illustrated, and destined to be not only the first, but probably the most important, work on the Protectorate as a whole.

THE King will have been crowned, all things going well, before the day of which this issue of COUNTRY LIFE shows the date, but these lines will attain the dignity of print before the Coronation. In these circumstances it seems just worth while to call attention to two or three books of which the Coronation itself is the *raison d'être*. Pride of place belongs, without question or doubt, to Mr. William Watson's *Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII.* (John Lane). Here is no courteous rhapsody, but the song of a strong soul, a rush of forceful poetry following a clear thread of argument, not fearing to exhort and almost to upbraid on occasion, a treasure-house of splendid phrases which will surely live:

"For waters have connived at our designs,
And winds have plotted with us—and behold,
Kingdom in kingdom, sway in oversway,
Dominion fold in fold."

Therein, and in the long line of our King's "far forerunners," lies the cause of England's pride; and those forerunners—a few of them—are sketched in a fiery phrase or two with a sure hand. First comes, "he that came and smote us into greatness"; and later the poet sings of her—

"A queen, but fashioned kinglike, she
Before whose prowess, before whose tempests fled
Spain on the ruining night precipitately;
And that worn face, in camp and Councils bred,
The guest who brought us law and liberty
Raised well-nigh from the dead."

Surely Norman William, and Elizabeth, and Dutch William were never more tersely and precisely indicated, and no idea could be more apposite than that



G. E. Lodge.

THE SENTINEL.

From a Drawing by

which Mr. Watson conceives, that of the long line of England's monarchs as they listen to the long waves of acclamation:

"And with yet mightier silence marshal thee
To the awful throne thou hast inherited."

The whole tone is grand and majestic, and the roll of the sublime words is in perfect harmony with it. Noble, earnest, soul-stirring—these are the words that fit the theme and its treatment. And there is one passage, giving dignified expression to the sentiment, recently condensed by the Prince of Wales in his historic phrase "Wake up," which is of remarkable strength and beauty:

"Already is doom a-spinning, if unstirred
In leisure of ancient pathways she lose touch
Of the hour and over much
Recline upon achievement, and be slow
To take the world arriving, and forget
How perilous are the stature and the port that so
Invite the arrows, how unslumbering all
The hates that watch and crawl."

The last line and a-half are indeed worthy of comparison with the best work of that Master who, in the dedication of the "Idylls of the King," compressed all the scorn of a high mind into the words "peering littlenesses." Poetry of this type gives us hope for the English muse.

The first and the most important of the rest of these books is *The Coronation Book; or, The Hallowing of the Sovereigns of England*, by the Rev. Jocelyn Perkins, sacrist and minor canon of Westminster, illustrated by Miss Zillah Temple, and from a number of ancient prints (Isbister). Other books there are no doubt of equal interest, giving the history of Coronations and the paraphernalia of Coronations, but they have not come my way; and this, certainly, is a very good one. Most interesting will it be to compare the pictures of ancient coronations in this book with the great event of this week, and the essential point to be noted is that on this occasion far more respect has been shown to the architecture of Westminster Abbey than was displayed either on the occasions of the Coronation of Queen Victoria or of William IV. and Queen Adelaide. On the other hand, the processions of ancient times on the day of the Coronation itself were distinctly more interesting than the progress from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey, and this book contains numerous prints indicating their character. There is one, for example, showing the procession of Edward VI. from the Tower to Westminster. An immense amount of learning is shown in this volume, and the writer has enough of that undefinable gift of style to avoid dullness. The book is well worth buying as a memory of the Coronation.

The same house publishes a learned monograph on the *Crowning of Monarchs*, by the Dean of York, and also a pretty little volume, bound in blue calf, entitled *Songs of England's Glory*, in which really are collected nearly all the best of our patriotic songs, the single notable exception, probably through no fault of the publishers, being Mr. Kipling. The curious thing is to note how some of the best of them all are anonymous. "God Save the King" figures as such, although there really seems no reason to doubt the assertion of Chappell and Dr. Finck that Dr. Henry Carey composed both the words and music in honour of a birthday of George II., and that they were given for the first time at a dinner of the Mercers' Company in 1740. "The British Grenadiers" is really anonymous—which is a pity, for anybody would be proud to be descended from the man who wrote it. Anonymous, too, are "The Brave Lord Willoughby" and "The Campbells are Coming." For the rest, we have here all the best singers—Drayton, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Cowper, Campbell, Dibdin, Wordsworth, Byron, Walter Scott—and surely I may add in the same breath, for this purpose, William Ernest Henley, whose "England! My England!" is the best of them all, and Henry Newbolt. Then, merely by way of quoting something beautiful, which is probably known to few, I have selected for extract a passage from "The Mother and the Sons," of John Huntley Skrine, Fellow of Merton and Warden of Glenalmond, who won the Newdigate thirty-two years ago. It shows at least that we have in our midst—and hardly appreciated at its full worth—something of the true afflatus of poetry. But, after all, this is what one would expect, for the patriotic sentiment, as was seen when Queen Victoria died, moves men, who, at other times, are quite prosaic, to real poetry. This is not to say that Canon Skrine is ever prosaic, for he has written some exquisite poetry which is less known than it ought to be. Here, however, is the passage:

"Peace in thy gates of the West,
England our mother, and rest,
In our sounding channels and headlands frore,
The hot Norse blood of the northern hoar
Is lord of the wave as the lords of yore,
Guarding thy gates of the West."

"But thou, O mother, be strong
In thy seas, for a girdle of towers,
Holding thine own from wrong,
Thine own that is ours,
Till the sons that are bone of thy bone,
Till the brood of the lion upgrown,
In a day not long,
Shall war for our England's own.
For the pride of the Ocean throne
Be strong, O mother, be strong!"

Two little books are published by Messrs. Wells, Gardner in the "Midget" series, which will undoubtedly appeal jointly to those who desire to give a large number of Coronation souvenirs at a fairly small expense. The first is a Coronation autograph book, with some taking little designs by Mr. Charles Robinson, and no end of appropriate quotations, some of them not wanting in humour. The second in the same series is the *Life of Alexandra, Queen and Empress*, by Eleanor Bulley. There are 182 tiny pages, which are, on the whole, better reading than is usual in books of the kind. I confess, however, that I did not know that Queen Alexandra was entitled to add the letters "R. I." to her name, but Mrs. Bul'ey is very likely right.

Desiring, as I do, to confine these notes in this Coronation week to books dealing more or less with the Coronation, or, at any rate, connected with the ceremony, I will conclude by saying that *The King Alfred Millenary* (Macmillan), by Mr. Al red Bowker, who was Mayor of Winchester during the great celebration of last year, is a distinctly useful record of an important national celebration. It is not, of course, particularly interesting to read, for that can

hardly be expected of an official record, yet it omits nothing. It is put together carefully, and there is not the slightest doubt that it will be prized by those numerous persons who had the good fortune to be connected, officially or otherwise, with that interesting movement. A pathetic interest is added to the book by an extract (which might, perhaps, have been fuller with advantage) from the lecture which was delivered by the late Sir Walter Besant, in February, 1898, during the early part of the agitation for the memorial. It may be added that this is accompanied by a sketch, from the hand of Mr. A. S. Boyd, of Sir Walter as he lectured, which is one of the best things of its kind that I have ever seen. In this case I speak with some authority, as I was present and heard the lecture, and met the lecturer then for the last time.

The LILY OF THE VALLEY (THE QUEEN'S FLOWER).

"Lilies, whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full;
All love's emblems—and all cry,
'Ladies, if not plucked, we die.'—Fletcher.

In the language of flowers, "Return of happiness."

IN England we can hardly appreciate the beauty and charm of this sweet flower in its wild and natural state, spreading as it does in most parts of Europe, especially in Germany, Norway, and Switzerland, like a great carpet of pure fresh green, under the trees in wood and copse, and along the shady valleys—making the air in May aromatic with its own sweet, peculiar scent.

"No flower amid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
The Queen of flowers."

"... The valley-lilies whiter still
Than Leda's love."—"Endymion."

"The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie for my ain dear May."—Burns.

"And the naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through the pavilions of tender green."—"Sensitive Plant."

In every country at festival seasons flowers are used to commemorate various saints and to decorate the churches. Chaucer tells us that birch and fresh and fragrant May-flowers were "used to honour Whitsontide." "In Russia the young girls at that season repair to the Neva, and cast in wreaths of flowers in token of their absent friends"; and in Hanover on Whit-Monday "it is customary for everybody to gather lilies-of-the-valley, and at the end of the day there is scarcely a house without a bouquet of them."

Recalling the days of the Roman Catholic peasantry in England, many flowers are still called after the Virgin. We have our Lady's Slippers, Lady's Smock, Our Lady's Tresses, Lady's Seal, and others. The lily-of-the-valley is often called "The Virgin's Tears"—and certainly no flower in the land is more femininely fair, or more worthy to be dedicated to virgin purity—"the lily-maid of Astolat," "lily-pale of hue":

"Sweet lady, never since I first drew breath
Have I beheld a lily like yourself."—Enid.

"Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind love to last for ever."—Campbell.

How pretty are the lines in which Marvell describes a nymph seeking amongst the lilies for her white fawn:

"Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes:
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid."

In Devon there is a superstition that it is unlucky to plant a bed of lilies-of-the-valley, "as the person doing so will probably die within the next twelve months."

The lotion made from this flower in old days was held in great repute, both as a perfume and as a preventative against infectious illness, and a special specific for gout. An old herbal gives us the following prescription: "Have filled a glass with flowers, and being well stopped, set it for a month's space in an ante's hill, and after being drayned cleare, set it by for use."

There is only one curious old legend connected with this flower, which is to be found in books on flower-lore: "In Sussex, in the forest of St. Leonard, where the hermit-saint once dwelt, fierce encounters took place between this holy man and a dragon which infested the neighbourhood, the result being that the dragon was gradually driven back into the inmost recesses of the forest, and at last disappeared. The scenes of their successive combats are revealed afresh every year, when beds of fragrant

lilies-of-the-valley spring up wherever the earth was sprinkled by the blood of the warrior-saint."

Alas! how many of our rare wild plants, like the Osmunda fern and the lily-of-the-valley, are gradually being uprooted by the importunate trippers and holiday-makers and disappearing from our land. Wordsworth, on his walks, still found, growing wild,

"... leaves of that shy plant
(Her flowers were shed), the lily of the vale,
That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds
Her pensive beauty."—"Excursion."

In amongst the hollows he roamed,

"Where leafy shades fence off the blustering gale,
And breathes, in peace, the lily of the vale."—"Evening Walk."

And would often sit

"Beneath the oak's umbrageous covert, sown
With lilies-of-the-valley, like a field."—"Prelude."

M. C. D.

ON THE GREEN.

SOME folks are finding considerable fault at the moment with the cup that is the symbol of the open championship of the royal and ancient game of golf. It is asserted that the said cup is a poor thing, both in value and in workmanship, and that a more costly and artistic creation ought to be the reward of such gallant golf. It is not a very beautiful cup—that is to be admitted; but at the same time, if its value and beauty were indefinitely increased, it remains to ask, *Cui bono?* Who wants a valuable challenge cup? With the experience of an enterprising burglar in my own domicile, I am disposed to say that the last man likely to wish the championship cup to be increased in value is the man most likely to win it. What would it mean, in fact, if the value of the cup were increased from £50, say, to £500? That the winner would have for a year the responsibility of this £500 in his house, or else would keep the cup at a bank where no one would see it. My own experience of the enterprising burglar is not a solitary one. Mr. Mure Fergusson had his medals raided, and only by the merest luck of their lying under an old letter did two very valuable challenge gold medals escape the burglar's notice. Surely it is much better to have a trophy of modest worth that you could replace without ruin if it were stolen, and can keep in your house and show to your sisters, your cousins, and your aunts, without having to sit up at nights with a loaded pistol, than a magnificent *objet d'art* that would be the cause of no end of anxiety. And as for the artistic qualities of the present cup, they may not be extraordinarily good, but it is quite conceivable that a new cup might be a great deal worse—many worse are made. Moreover, the champion golfer, as a rule, has not a very sensitive eye to artistic beauty; and, finally, there is about this present cup, which the hands of so many of the great men of old have touched with reverence, a sentiment for the loss of which I do not think even a Benvenuto Cellini design could compensate the true golfer. I should be very sorry to see a change. The championship has incidental rewards in plenty.

On the green but little is being done outside the Parliamentary Tournament, in which Mr. Alfred Tennyson is the most interesting survivor, the best player, making good running on his first appearance. For the rest, let us essay no further comment *pendente lite*.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph depicts a scene that will appeal to all lovers of animals. My friend's French poodle, Bootles, accompanies her each morning on her visit to the stables; he has a passion for *petits beurrés* biscuits equal

to that of his devoted companion, the Russian mare Norachita, for carrots. Their mistress knows and caters for these their little weaknesses, but, being somewhat of a disciplinarian, has taught her pets unselfishness. She gives Bootles the carrot, who, standing on his hind legs, transfers it from his mouth to that of Norachita; she, having finished her *bonne bouche*, is in her turn presented with a biscuit, and, stooping with it towards the dog, who has again erected himself (as is shown in the picture), she drops it into his mouth, thus completing this maternal interchange of civilities.—EDITH BROUGHTON.



A MUMMIFIED RAT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Enclosed is the photograph of a rat recently found in a house undergoing repairs at Witham, Essex. It was found in a mummified condition, firmly wedged, having struggled halfway through a plank of wood.—M. R. HOWARD-VYSE.

TWO DUCKS ON A NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE I notice a letter from a correspondent telling us of two wild ducks sharing the same nest. I am afraid "Marjory Hardcastle" is not acquainted with the fact that, during the nesting season, the drake changes his plumage and becomes brown like the duck, and takes his turn on the nest, which he probably was doing with his duck when your correspondent was fortunate enough to secure such an excellent photograph.—HORACE L. FAREBROTHER, Salisbury.

[It is not at all unusual for two birds to share the same nest, but it would be very much so for a drake, especially one that is supposed to have moulted so very early in the year, to be found sitting in the company of his mate. Miss Hardcastle's explanation is the more natural of the two. Domesticated birds and those which are preserved, and, therefore, greatly protected, lose many of their natural instincts, and indulge in practices which would not be tolerated in circumstances in which the struggle for existence is more severe.—ED.]

THE PACE OF MOTORS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a regular reader of your paper, I should like to congratulate you on the leading article you publish, for at last you have discovered that it is not motor-cars that people object to, but the people who drive them. You suggest strong brakes as a means of stopping reckless drivers, but I am afraid the stronger the brake the greater the speed, as they know they can stop if they want to, *i.e.*, if there is any danger to themselves. Instead of the car being subjected to a severe test as to brakes, which are seldom used, I think the drivers should be obliged to have some practical knowledge of horses and their probable behaviour when frightened. To obtain this result I would suggest that every driver be required to do three things: 1. Lead a young horse along an ordinary country road to meet two motor-cars racing side by side, the drivers to refuse to stop. (This has actually happened in Essex to a man and horse known to me personally.) 2. Ride a fairly fresh horse down a hill and have a motor pass quickly by him from behind, the driver to give no notice of his approach until nearly level with the horse's tail, when he may blow his fog-horn violently. 3. Drive a pair of carriage horses on a dark night, in a country lane, to meet a motor with three or more acetylene lamps burning. I think anyone who has tried these three experiences, which are not exceptional, will in future show some consideration to others.—HUGH S. LAW, Streatham Common.

TREATMENT OF PALMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you please tell me what treatment Kentias require? I have lost seven in the last three months, and they have all died in the same way—*i.e.*, the outer leaves shrivel up, turning yellow first, leaving the heart only green and healthy-looking; but with the slightest touch the main stem comes away from the root. Though the leaves are quite dry, the core is damp and



mildewy. I have tried both liberal and scanty watering with the same result.—S.

[It is impossible to state definitely the reason of your Kentias dying, as their condition may be attributed to several causes. We are, however, inclined to think that the most likely reason is the cold, for plants that have been exposed to too low a temperature invariably go off in the same way as yours have done. Some time, too, may elapse after the check before the evil results are seen. To succeed with Kentias they should be kept in a structure where the winter temperature falls little, if any, below 50deg., with a corresponding rise as the days lengthen. Sufficient water should be given to keep the soil fairly moist. If pans or saucers are used, on no account allow the water to stand in them. From your letter we conclude that the plants are in a dwelling-house; if so, they are often exposed to draughts and extremes of temperature. Under such conditions the leaves should be sponged once a week, and care taken that the soil does not get too dry. Though Kentias may be kept in a room in a dwelling-house for years, it all depends on the treatment they have received before that, for in nurseries where they are grown in quantity the Kentias are kept very warm, and with a considerable amount of atmospheric moisture, in order to force them to grow quickly, with the result that when sold and given different treatment they soon suffer. This may have happened to your plants.—ED.]

PRACTISING HIS NOTES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Quite early in the morning (3.5) all through this month and May I have heard a cuckoo, apparently practising its song, and trying to overcome a tendency to sing three notes instead of two. "Cuck-cuck-cuck" it would sing, and "cuck-cuck-coo" once or twice, and then "cuckoo" in the ordinary way. Then it would seem to lose the song again, and make fresh efforts to get back to it. Is this quite a usual thing that I have never happened to hear or notice before? Or can it be a cuckoo with a poor ear, diligently striving to do as well as its more gifted fellows?—E. M. P.

WHITE EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a constant purchaser of your valuable magazine, I take the liberty of asking you to help me to find this out. I very often find snow white starlings' eggs; they seem quite common here, and I find two nests, at least, every year. In most cases the whole nest full are white. Are they equally common everywhere? Everybody I ask say they never found one.—WILLASTON, Nantwich, Chesh.re.

[The usual explanation given in natural histories of the occurrence of white eggs (of species that usually lay coloured eggs) is that they are the produce of aged birds, in whom senile decay has caused a loss of pigment-producing power. This we do not believe. White eggs are far more commonly produced by starlings and robins than by any other species which ordinarily lay coloured eggs; and both of these birds are evidently species which have recently adopted the practice of building in holes. When birds build in holes the production of colouring-matter for the shells of their eggs is sheer waste, and Nature is eliminating the wasteful habit in the case of the starlings and robins. This is, probably, the real reason why pure white eggs of these birds are so commonly found. In the far future—unless, meanwhile, they take to nesting in the open again—their eggs will always be white.—ED.]

AN OLD BRASS TABLET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A strikingly curious old brass tablet is seen in the accompanying photograph. It shows a father and mother and twenty children—nine sons and eleven



daughters—rather comically engraved, and inscribed: "Of yor charyte pray for the sowlys of Raffe Catterall, Esquire, and Elizabeth hys wyfe, which bodies lyeth before this pillar, and for all ther chylder sowlys, which Raffe desceasyd this xxvi day of deceber ye yere of our Lord God m,cxxxv on whose sowlys S. J-hu have mercie. Amen." This remarkable relic is to be seen in the ancient church of Whalley, in Lancashire, and by some mysterious cause, many years ago, was missing, and lost for a long time; but Dr. Whittaker, the Lancashire historian, after much patient searching, found the plate, strange to say, at Catterall Hall, Garstang, many miles away. How it peregrinated thither no one seems to know, but the good doctor had it replaced in Whalley's ancient fane.—K.

A CURIOUS WORD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can throw light on the derivation of the word Rype. At Lydd in Kent there is w. at one would call a common in other places, where the people turn out sheep. But the name for it is the Rype, which struck me as a curious word.—J. ROGERS, Tunbridge Wells.

AN ARTIST'S HOUSE.

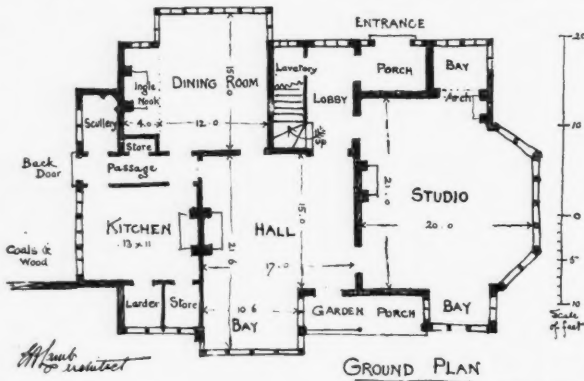
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you plan and garden front of an artist's residence with studio. The design is suitable for a quiet country home, to be constructed of timber and rough-cast upon brick walls. The hall is arranged as a reception-room, with a spacious bay window looking over the country. The studio is roomy and light, with two small bays for retiring into, for tea or boudoir. One of these could be enclosed for a model if required. The principal entrance has a special lobby or vestibule between it and the hall, with a separate door to the studio, which would be found convenient for business or other matters not immediately connected with home. Another door is provided giving access from the hall. The studio would go up into the first floor, with an open timbered roof (or ceiling), and a gallery opening from first floor corridor. The large bay window would, in consequence, be much higher than the others, well provided with blinds and shutters where required, and facing the north, as is essential. The cost would be about £800.—E. B. LAMB.

FELINE AMENITIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your correspondent, Mr. Cecil Chapman, to hear about two cats we had some little time ago. One was a pretty petted cat, more for ornament than use. The other was a sharp, clever cat, a short-haired tabby. The latter was never very friendly with Fluff, always ready to give her a sly slap, and evidently thought her a useless animal. But when they had kittens they were always the best of friends, slept in one basket, and mothered the two families of kittens indiscriminately. We used to think Fluff was glad of the Tabby as a kind of nurse or assistant, as she would leave her family to her care and go off on her own private business directly Tabby arrived to look after the kittens, or come indoors for her usual petting. On one occasion Tabby only had kittens, which Fluff at once stole away and hid, all but one, when the theft was discovered. The kittens could not be found, so we were obliged to let her steal the remaining one in order to watch where she took it. She at once ran off with it upstairs and put it in the bottom of a wardrobe, where we found the others safe and sound. At times the Tabby, who was a good mouser, would bring a mouse and give it to Fluff, who was not a mouser, and sit down and watch her eat it. She would then go off, and soon reappear with a second mouse, which she would eat herself.—L. A. D., Norwich.



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